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THE WALLACE EDITORIAL

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New Republic

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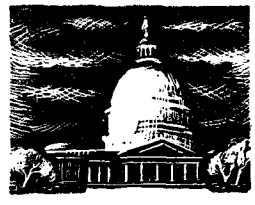
Washington Wire

Not To Be Trusted

HERE are some facts, from first-hand experience, about the current witch hunt in the government:

A man I have known a long time arrived in Washington recently and told me he was going to Europe to write a special report for the Army. He had to obtain a leave of absence from his job, had told his friends and family good-bye and had come here for a couple of weeks of preliminary work. Toward the end of this period, the FBI completed its report, finding that the man should not be trusted with secret documents. The man was struck dumb. The Army investigators had given him a clean bill of health. Even after they saw the information supplied by the FBI, the Army intelligence officers maintained that the individual was completely all right. But the negative report by the FBI prevented the man from making the trip for the Army.



Because he has a wide acquaintance here, this man was able to get several prominent citizens to intervene directly with J. Edgar Hoover and with a member of the Cabinet. But their efforts were to no avail. The FBI would not alter its report.

The man is now consulting lawyers to see how to clear his name. The worst crime he has committed was to work briefly for *PM*. He is a confessed New Dealer and a practising anti-Communist.

A Secret Service agent called on me recently to ask about a certain individual who had applied for a government job. In trying to think of something non-subversive to say, I volunteered the information that the man once had worked for the New York *Herald Tribune*. I thought that would certify him as a substantial citizen. But the investigator had never heard of the *Herald Tribune*. He had heard of the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, and several times during the interview he asked whether the individual in question had written for either of them. Then I was asked to describe the man's political views. I said that I thought he was a middle-of-the-roader, which was true. After some cross-examination on this point, in which the investigator used the word "liberal" several times, he said: "Well, we don't mind a man being liberal just so he is not too liberal."

When the administrator of one of the present foreign-aid programs—a Republican—was here recently assembling a staff to take with him, he offered a position to a former associate. The FBI quickly advised the administrator that the former associate was not a Communist but that he had been identified with "too many liberal organizations." In view of that, and since it is necessary to have a positive report from the FBI supporting each person hired, the offer of a job to the former associate was withdrawn.

Robert A. Lovett, the Undersecretary of State, is the real dynamo behind the purge campaign in the State Department. Many of his associates of very high rank are deeply disturbed over Lovett's enthusiasm for the undertaking. Incidentally, Paul Porter and Abe Fortas are handling the case for a group of State Department officials recently dismissed without a hearing.

BRITAIN'S economic crisis is causing the gravest concern among officials here. Many of them think that the newspapers have failed to explain the seriousness of the crisis, not only from the point of view of the British but of all the Western nations. State Department officials are afraid that the crisis will weaken the hands of Secretary Marshall at the next meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers. And some of them think that inevitably

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Paste on penny postcard and return now

England must tie its economic life line to Eastern Europe.

The immediate economic effects on the American economy are not expected to be substantial, although in the long run the effects could be serious. With the present high level of employment and demand for goods here, the loss of half our foreign markets will not be a serious matter now. It might depress some prices slightly.

This does not mean that the Council of Economic Advisers is not alarmed over what is happening; it knows that when the depression comes this country is going to need all the foreign outlets it can find to sustain employment at home.

NOTES. – The Eisenhower boom continues. The *Saturday Evening Post* is planning a big Eisenhower story, saying what a fine president he would make. . . . The President's mid-year economic report called the tune on the foreign-trade prospects. "While the need of most countries for the products of the United States will continue to be very great," it said, "their power to finance purchases out of their own resources and from present programs of American and international aid is certain to decline substantially during the present year." . . . The June drop in exports was 13 percent from May's high. . . . The Marshall Plan is not intended to prevent a drop in exports, but to prevent the drop from being precipitous. . . . Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government may not believe in dividing the wealth, but it does believe in dividing the expenses. It recently mailed to thousands of persons a speech by Representative Harold Knutson (R, Minn.) denouncing President Truman. The people of the US paid for the postage: the Committee used Knutson's frank. . . . The conservative Republicans still owe much of their strength to the Democrats. Last week's defeat of Senator Tobey (R, N. H.) for the chairmanship of the special housing committee and the victory by the party's Old Guard would not have been possible except for the absence of several Democrats.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

VOLUME 117, NUMBER 9, ISSUE 1709, NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1947

News in Focus

Chronology

THE State Department announced that 12 US Army transports were on their way to Greece with $18 million worth of "urgent military supplies," bringing the total sent to $53 million.

The US delegation announced to the UN Security Council that it was asking the General Assembly to deliberate on "threats to the political independence and territorial integrity of Greece." It was generally accepted at Lake Success that the Charter article permitting the victims of "aggression" to use measures of "self defense" would be invoked.

On Friday night, US Ambassador Lincoln MacVeigh conferred in Athens with Constantin Tsaldaris, deputy premier and head of the Populist Party, the "strong man" and behind-the-scene's man of the Greek regime.

On Saturday morning Tsaldaris refused a request of three moderate members of the Cabinet for a government reorganization. They resigned. The government of Premier Demetrios Maximos submitted its resignation to the King.

At noon MacVeigh conferred with the King.

Soon afterward the King asked Tsaldaris to form a new cabinet.

Themistocles Sophoulis, head of the Liberal Party, challenged the King's action as a violation of the Constitution, maintaining that the premiership should have been offered first to himself as leader of the opposition.

On Saturday evening Dwight Griswold, director of the US aid mission, conferred with Tsaldaris.

Also on Saturday MacVeigh and Griswold made statements that the US would not "intervene in any way" for any particular solution of the crisis.

Tsaldaris, who had just returned from the US, issued a statement calling for more drastic measures against the guerrillas, the suppression of the two Communist newspapers, a ban on all "subversive propaganda" and prohibition of publication of broadcasts from the radio operated by General Markos Vifiades, guerrilla chieftain.

US officials announced they were "hopeful" and "optimistic" about the situation in Athens.

Wedemeyer Concludes

LIEUTENANT GENERAL Albert C. Wedemeyer was sent to China by his Commander-in-Chief (President Truman) and his former Chief of Staff (Secretary Marshall) to "find the facts" on which American foreign policy in the Far East would be based. General Wedemeyer found enough to warrant three conclusions, two of which were incorporated in a "farewell statement."

"If the Chinese Communists are truly patriotic and interested primarily in the well being of their country," Wedemeyer reported in conclusion number one, "they will halt the voluntary employment of force in efforts to impose ideologies.

"Equally important," Wedemeyer said in conclusion number two, "the existing Central government can win and retain the undivided, enthusiastic support of the bulk of the Chinese people by removing incompetent and/or corrupt people who now occupy many positions of responsibility in the government."

Wedemeyer's third conclusion was not mentioned in his statement. Before boarding his plane, he told intimates that Chiang Kai-shek *could* clean up the corruption of his government. But, Wedemeyer concluded, he won't.

Omens

UNITED STATES military government officials charged with polling German public opinion report that there is already a revival of anti-Jewish feeling worse than at any time since Germany fell. The officials predict overt demonstrations, and say the feeling will increase in the future.

Rabbi P. S. Bernstein, until recently an adviser on Jewish affairs to the US military government, goes further, warning that only the presence of US troops is preventing a rebirth of pogroms in Germany.

The Colonel's Lady

SECRETARY MARSHALL was too busy to attend a grand ball honoring the Argentine colonel's lady, Señora Eva Duarte Peron, on her arrival in Rio, bearing honors bestowed upon her by Franco and Pope Pius. And after the ball was over, Peron's delegates at the Inter-American Defense Conference made him even busier.

First, the *Peronistas* came up with a

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The Drummer's Legacy, A Baltimore Story

BALTIMORE (by E. T. Baker, *NR* correspondent).—Shortly before he died eight years ago this summer, Chick Webb, the great Negro jazz drummer, made a wish.

He knew he was dying, he said, and he wanted to do something for the Negro kids on Baltimore's East Side, a congested under-privileged ghetto in which he had been born and to which he now had returned to die. He remembered that his only playground had been the dirty, dangerous streets and alleys of the ghetto, bad enough for healthy, normal boys but worse than nothing for paralytics like himself. Eventually, he had come to know better things—if never quite the best—and he wanted others of his race to share his good fortune, at an earlier age. He wanted to build a recreation center in the ghetto, for kids mainly, but for adults, too. Gin mills, he knew, are not much better places to play than alleys.

"I'm sorry I haven't done anything myself," Chick said the day before he died, "but I'll call upon my friend Joe Louis and he'll fill any house in Baltimore."

Joe did better than that; six months later he almost filled the Fifth Regiment Armory—he and Chick's old band and the girl who had become famous as its vocalist, Ella Fitzgerald.

That was seven and a half years ago. Through the war years the Chick Webb Recreation Center Memorial Fund Committee continued the solicitation. In 1945, having accumulated $10,000, it purchased as a site an abandoned ice house around the corner from Chick's home, in the heart of the ghetto.

The Municipal Department of Recreation took it from there. Construction costs, like real estate prices, were prohibitive, and there were more delays. Finally, this summer, the center was completed, at a cost of $120,842 to the city. Two stories high, containing game and meeting rooms for kids and adults alike, it is finished in limestone, bearing in large letters, the legend: The Chick Webb Memorial Recreation Center.

Last week, preliminary to its opening, officials went to the center to formally accept it for the city. In two windows on the second floor they found bullet holes.

proposal that the American nations agree to act collectively to thwart aggression only from *outside* the hemisphere. When pro-US delegates voted down that proposal, Eva's boys came up with the idea of a hard answer to *outside* aggression and a soft one to *inside* aggression.

In the corridors of the Quitandinha Hotel at Petropolis, the señores divided in their interpretation of the Argentina maneuvering. A few thought Eva's *Peronistas* were throwing monkey wrenches into the dollar-oiled US machine. Most, however, thought the Peron family was taking advantage of the US desire to make "outside" aggression synonymous with Soviet misbehavior. By the latter theory, Peron will agree that "outside" means Russia, only if "inside" aggression can be phrased as not to mean the Argentine Republic.

A minority of the insiders even went so far as to suggest that Peron was toying with a bit of political blackmail worthy of his wife's friend, the Generalissimo in Madrid. By this version, the colonel would be saying to General Marshall something like, "I'll help protect US democracy against the Soviet Communists provided you don't go too far in protecting Latin American democracies against me."

The Sugar Act

THE subject of this unobtrusive item is the Sugar Act of 1948 that was lobbied through the 80th Congress and lived to embarrass Secretary George C. Marshall when he went to tea in Rio.

The Secretary went to Rio to get the other American republics to say that they would all stand together (with US-made guns on their shoulders) in case of military aggression from "without." But Cuba forgot its teatime manners long enough to say "what about the sugar."

The Cubans were understandably annoyed about the Sugar Act of 1948, because they had listened to Uncle Sugar's sweet song during the war about the need for an increased production of cane and they agreed to expand their acreage only when they were assured that the US would not suddenly decide to stop buying Cuban sugar when the war was over.

Came the peace and the Sugar Act of 1948, that did, quite suddenly, reduce Cuba's share of US sugar consumption from about 50 percent to 28.6 percent.

At Rio, Cuban delegates rudely suggested that economic aggression might be as ugly a thing as military aggression for a country like Cuba with a one-crop, *i.e.* sugar cane, economy.

The US's other good neighbors managed to restore the tea-table decorum by promising to take up economic matters at Bogota later, but the Cubans might be forgiven if they found that the Sugar Act of 1948, which US sugar growers and refiners lobbied through Congress, made "good neighborliness" a bitter tea to swallow.

Greenbelt Farce

WHEN the House subcommittee investigating the Greenbelt, Maryland, coöperative community concluded its probe with a two-to-one resolution that the town's coöp store violated the anti-trust laws, nobody was surprised. The week before the hearings had even begun, the subcommittee had publicly denounced Greenbelt as a monopoly, and therefore was unlikely to change its mind.

Under the chairmanship of Walter C. Ploeser (R, Mo.) the subcommittee's "inquiry" was perfunctory. Ploeser's ideas are nearly identical with those of the heavily bankrolled National Tax Equality Association, which is the principal lobbying agency for fighting coöps everywhere. The way Ploeser put it was that he was pressing for the right of private enterprise to operate in Greenbelt (a right it already has).

Representative Wright Patman (D, Tex.), the minority member of the subcommittee, declares that the hearing was just a "sideshow preliminary" to the main event—an all-out attack on farm coöperatives. The next round is scheduled for Seattle on September 11, when the same subcommittee convenes some more "hearings."

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British Socialism Faces the Facts

by Stephen Laird

LONDON (by wireless).—Britain seems awake now. This week, more than in any previous one this year, the people know, accept and face the hard facts of British postwar poverty. Where Prime Minister Clement Attlee failed a fortnight ago, Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Dalton had better success this week because, until Dalton's broadcast, the Labor government itself seemed utterly unwilling to face the realities of the contemporary British economic conditon.

Strangely enough, it was the US government, dedicated to the preservation of free enterprise, which during the past two weeks may have saved the future British Socialist government. According to our information, it was the US government, operating through Ambassador Douglas and Undersecretary of State Will Clayton, that shook the Labor government awake to reality.

The fact is that until Attlee's speech the US government seemed to believe that Britain was surely preparing to come up in time with the proper and effective measures for meeting the economic crisis. Then, astonished by the emptiness of Attlee's plans and pronouncements, the US realized the Labor government did not have any plans for meeting the crisis by new and adequate efforts and sacrifices—that, instead, it was complacently counting on new and early US economic assistance.

The Master's Voice

APPARENTLY the "hard-money" men in the US government went to work and finally convinced the Labor government that there was not much chance of new US aid arriving until next spring—if then. And only then, if in the meantime Britain refrained from introducing any new socialization measures in Britain; persuaded the trades unions to work longer hours; cut living standards; supported US policies in the world and US remedies for Western Europe's economic recovery.

Thanks to the US efforts and pressure which resulted in the Dalton broadcast, one can to some extent feel a new and determined mood in Britain. And, believe me, it's a tonic to those of us who have always believed this people able to face and surmount any affliction or obstacle so long as they know its nature and are given a lead to do battle with it.

However, it is still questionable whether the Labor government is truly prepared to blueprint a policy stripping Britain for action—a policy which will reduce Britain's already low living standard to fit the national income Britain can create by its own hard work—a policy lengthening hours of work, transferring manpower from the swollen armed forces to the factories and field, concentrating raw materials and labor into industry; and all of these are necessary to boost production in Britain to a point where exports will pay for essential imports.

No choice

ON the non-convertibility and dollar-freezing decisions announced by Dalton, the even tempered *Manchester Guardian* says, "We had no choice. We have miscalculated our (postwar) strength . . . now we must suffer as much as other countries."

In the weeks ahead, it is certain that new belt-tightening measures will be announced by the government. The skimpy food rations will be cut even farther. By the winter, I am told, the meat ration will amount to not much more than one small chop per week per person. The amount of food people will be able to get off the ration in restaurants probably will be curtailed.

There may be a sizeable change in world trade. Britain will turn to bilateral trade agreements with its dominions, colonies and the Socialist countries of Europe, unless the US brings hard pressure against it. Thus, Labor's official *Daily Herald* editorializes (surely much to Foreign Secretary Bevin's dismay) that, "the government must now . . . build up the greatest possible amount of trade with those who are ready to do mutually advantageous business with us."

The Western hemisphere is expected to become a tight dollar-trading area. Some here predict that Canada to a large extent will be economically detached from the British commonwealth to join the US trading area.

US slump?

AND others go further to predict that the non-convertibility decision and the British curtailment of its purchases in the US may make the beginning of a US economic slump.

There will almost surely be fewer raw materials imported for British factories. Some non-essential factories may have to go on part time or close entirely. Many plans for new factory extensions and modernizations are likely to be put off.

If the government calls for all these austerities and controls required, there is ample historic proof that the British people can take their hardships and win. Those people we have queried in pubs and offices since Dalton's broadcast seem much bucked up despite the knowledge of the severe times ahead.

On their own

THE trouble before was that they knew something was wrong but the optimistic Labor government neither conveyed the seriousness of the national economic situation to them nor gave them a coherent call to action. And all Britons we spoke to seemed happy in the belief that now they were going to be strictly on their own and not dependent on the US. The proud British never liked their dependence on the US.

Said the door guard at the BBC, rubbing his hands determinedly, "You Americans think it's finished with us, don't you? Well, you're wrong again. You had us finished off when we were alone in the war, too, didn't you? We won't starve. We'll come through. This

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Stephen Laird is the CBS correspondent in London.

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is good for us. We needed it. To tell you the truth I haven't felt so good since I knocked off a German in the other war."

California Progressives

LOS ANGELES (by Robin Kinkead, *NR* correspondent). – In response to an emergency call for a legislative conference, 1,500 persons met here over the weekend to plan progressive political activity. The 1,000 delegates and 500 observers came from all over California, representing more than 350 groups, such as AFL and CIO unions, veterans' organizations, minority groups, political clubs. There was a surprise turnout of 371 Townsendites.

They met in the Rodger Young Auditorium in a depressing section of the city where neon-lit mortuaries advertise on every corner, but the proceedings were far from morbid. Observers called it the liveliest political meeting yet seen, surpassing the hopped-up fervor of the old Epic movement. The conference was called in special session because of the growing threat to progressivism on all sides. One speaker sounded the keynote, "The next 18 months will make the difference between peace and war, between American democracy and American fascism." Another summed up: "We are the little people but the small people of the farms and industry are not so small when put together."

The groundwork was laid for the task of registering voters and establishing a people's lobby in the state capital. The Townsend movement pledged all its clubs' aid in doorbell punching. The conference took upon itself the specific job of coördinating the work of progressive groups interested in political action.

When Hugh Bryson, president of the Marine Cooks and Stewards of San Francisco, called for the formation of a third party he was greeted by loud and prolonged cheers. After the Sunday sesssion many of the delegates moved across the street where a union coalition group held a meeting to get a third party rolling. They decided to do it the hard way, putting on a high-pressure campaign to get 275,000 names on a petition. Bryson said a third party would strengthen the position of the liberal democrats within the Democratic Party, giving them an independent channel for political action outside existing parties. He compared the third party with the American Labor Party of New York.

The conference was chairmanned by George F. Irvine, of the Railroad Brotherhood, and Reuben W. Borough, former Los Angeles city official.

Succession

THE Reverend Wage Smith, speaking at the funeral of the late Theodore G. Bilbo, who died last week at the age of 69, had this to say concerning the late Senator from Mississippi:

"God had a Joshua ready to take Moses' place when Moses died, and He has a Joshua here to take the place of this Moses. We are to find him and follow him."

In the wake of the minister's prophecy, Representative John E. Rankin indicated that he would be a candidate November 4 for the vacant Senate seat.

Voice of NBC, CBS

FROM now on, the State Department's "Voice of America" will sound more and more like the voice of American commercial radio. In fact, the "Voice of America" will actually be the voice of NBC and CBS about 70 percent of the time.

Hitherto, NBC and CBS programmed only about 40 percent of the "Voice of America" broadcasts. But the State Department was forced to farm out a far greater share to private networks after Congress cut its appropriations. While NBC and CBS personnel will be entrusted with "selling" America to other parts of the world, the reduced "Voice of America" staff will continue to do the programming for the so-called "critical" areas—Russia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Greece, Korea and China.

The "Voice" was having political troubles, too. Its recent broadcasts to Hungary by ex-Premier Ferenc Nagy were a case in point. Few would contend that they helped give Hungarians an accurate picture of American life. In fact, they constituted psychological warfare against a Hungarian government with which the US maintains diplomatic relations.

Marshall Plan Timetable

DESPITE the ballyhoo that preceded it, the British-American parley on Ruhr coal production in Washington proved to be only a sideshow to the British-French-American conference in London on raising the level of all basic German industries. At the start, the Washington conferees expanded their agenda to include everything directly related to getting more coal out of the ground. This meant discussions on more food, clothing and housing for miners; new machinery for the mines and restoration of the Ruhr's transportation system. Then the conferees discovered what they should have known all the time: success in boosting coal output depended largely on what kind of agreement for all German industry resulted from the London talks.

But meanwhile, something far more important for the rest of Western Europe than the Ruhr coal talks was evolving in Washington. It was the Truman Administration's timetable on the Marshall Plan for European recovery. It would touch off no celebrations in France, Italy and other countries depending on more US aid in

Love Again

DAN CUPID seems to have played a scurvy trick on the British delegates who have come to Washington to talk over the Ruhr coal problem and Britain's growing economic crisis. In the middle of the conferences, the US official most conversant with the Britons' problems, Assistant Secretary of State Willard L. Thorp, decided to get married and left abruptly on his honeymoon.

Thorp's departure shifted most of the authority in the talks to unromantic-looking Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder, whose attitude towards the British crisis is several degrees cooler than that of Thorp's.

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1947. In fact, to those familiar with the economic conditions of Western Europe, the timetable indicated the Marshall Plan would be too late, if not too little. It did not include plans for a special session of Congress to pass the enabling legislation.

Administration lieutenants said privately that the official reasoning on the Marshall Plan timetable runs something like this:

¶ The Western European nations will have their coördinated economic recovery plan in Washington by September 15.

¶ It will take up to six weeks for the President's new economic committees to study the plan and match its requirements against estimates of US capacity to help.

¶ Thus, the President hardly will have specific legislative proposals ready before November 1. Hence, he will not summon the Senate Foreign Relations and House Foreign Affairs committees to Washington until then.

¶ It will take the two committees at least a month to hold hearings and get ready to report out the necessary bills. Thus, the Administration will have to decide whether to summon the whole Congress around December 1—less than a month before the holiday season—or wait until the regular session opens in January.

¶ At present the latter course is favored. Administration leaders say they believe the Marshall Plan legislation would get on the statute books just as quickly if the President waits until January instead of "provoking" Congress by a pre-holiday session.

It looks like a long winter for Western Europe.

How They Do Travel

THE Italian newspaper *L'Unità* reports from Florence that several citizens there have seen brightly illumined disk-shaped objects traveling at great speed across the night skies. "It could not be ascertained whether they were comets or the famed flying disks," says the report.

Peace Breaks Out—at Lake Success

by Walter L. Briggs

BATAVIA (by wireless).—The hulking Dutch captain's hand wandered over a pencil-marked map of East Java.

"We are cleaning up a guerrilla pocket along this road," he pointed, "but they're giving us a headache near that one."

I interrupted: "But where's your demarcation line? And what about the 'cease-fire' order?"

The captain laughed. "The demarcation line? I wish we knew." Then he scoffed, "And 'cease-fire'—that's somebody's dream."

We talked in the company headquarters of the American-trained Marine brigade which during the "police action" swept from the seaport of Surabaya 55 miles south to "liberate"—that's the Dutch term—the upland city of Malang. Outside the window lay a wide, tree-lined paved street flanked with airy, white European houses built during Malang's prewar boom days. Malang sits in a lush region of rice, sugar, rubber, tobacco and coffee. To recover wealth such as this, the Dutch instituted the operations.

Despite the UN "cease-fire" resolution, the fighting has never stopped. The Dutch have halted their headlong advance, it is true, but now they are spreading out through the territory they by-passed, to the flanks of the main roads. "Clearing up," they describe it. Meanwhile the Republicans, who melted before the onslaught of planes, tanks and other heavy equipment, are emerging again from rice fields and jungles in the night, mining roads, blowing up bridges, finishing off sentries with rifle shot, knife, gouge and spear. Dutch casualties are occurring almost at the same rates as before.

Dutch communiques scream that Indonesian "gangs," "saboteurs," "terrorists,"—they rarely dignify Republicans as troops"—continue to violate the "cease-fire" order. Republican president Soekarno, broadcasting from the Republican capital of Jokyakarta, declared the Dutch were the aggressors. Both are right. Both sides are bypassing the order. If the Dutch went all out, observers believe, they could seize Jokyakarta in a few days, and overrun much of Java and Sumatra in a few weeks. Whether they could hold it is another story.

Four Dutch divisions are deployed strategically throughout the Indies, with most strength in Java. Brigades are building up strength at points only about 35 air miles north and 60 west of the Republican capital. Elements equal to another division are arriving from Holland.

Most of these troops were equipped by the US and Britain for the war against Japan, a war they reached too late. Now they are using the equipment to wage a "colonial war"—words they disavow.

Dutch Marines use Sherman tanks, Garand rifles, bazookas, wear US khaki, eat US rations and chant "From the Halls of Montezuma. . . ." The Army has Stuart tanks, armored cars, half-tracks, heavy and light artillery, and automatic weapons. The airmen fly B-25's, P-51's, P-40's, Catalinas and British Fireflies.

ALIGNED against this force is the Republican "army," estimated by their government officials as 200,000 men. But only about one-third are armed. Most of the weapons are small arms which the Japanese distributed to them after V-J Day. Some are British, smuggled into Malaya or sold by Indian troops during the British sojourn here.

There are a few field guns, small mortars, light automatic rifles, ancient Dutch muzzle-loading rifles and homemade muzzleloaders of plumbers' pipes and hollow rods; no planes or tanks, insufficient radio supplies and medicines; but adequate mines fashioned mainly from Jap air bombs.

The Republicans' chief weapon is intangible: the will to resist subjection;

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the indomitable spirit which moves peasants to leave fields and merchants their shops—to rise up and strike.

"That's the trouble with fighting these rats," declared a tall, tan lieutenant from an armored car unit, who talked like a GI. "When we pull up along the roadside, young men come up whining, scraping, bowing '*Tebetuan*' (greetings, Sir). They tell us they're damned happy we're back. But turn our backs and there's a knife between our ribs. When we drive by the fields, the farmers are plowing peaceably, but once we're not looking they'll grab rifles out of a furrow and let us have it. The trouble with this war is that you never know your friends from your enemies."

Except for field grade officers, mostly regulars, the majority of Dutch troops were volunteers against Japan; sick of Java, homesick for Holland. The soldiers are young, strapping and handsome, but not tough. They've attained neither the seasoning nor the hatred which comes to soldiers who have fought hard battles. This is the first action for most of them, although they saw plenty around them during the Allied liberation of Holland, and remember fondly those "swell guys" of the 101st Airborne Division.

Another lieutenant, this one a marine trained at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, told me that the initial campaign was a "hell of a war—no opposition," but he summed up the story of what's now occurring on many fronts:

"We're getting more sniping. We've got to watch it. Yesternight they dropped mortar shells from the hill. And here," he pointed down to a pit in the road, only a couple of hundred yards from his command post, "they got one of our jeeps yesterday with a mine. Four casualties."

All along the line the Dutch troops are anxious to move. "Let's get going, let's clean up this thing," they say. Like our own GI's, most of them hunger for the homefolks, a chance to return to school and the feeling of security in a civilian job. Few realize that even if they go on to Jokyakarta the war will not be finished, never can be finished, so long as Holland seeks to remain in the Indies through force.

But they probably have little time to wait before a surge forward again. It is an open secret here that Lieutenant Governor Hubertus van Mook asked The Hague for the go-ahead. It is also understood that the answer is in. The offensive is expected within a few days, and possibly may have begun even before you read this.

Real-Estate Coup

THE real-estate lobbies have won another round, this time at the expense of Senator Charles W. Tobey (R, N.H.), a maverick GOP liberal and a long-time champion of public housing.

Credit for the victory goes to Senator Joseph McCarthy (R, Wisc.), arch enemy of the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill, and a congressman whose voting record reflects the ideas of the real-estate interests. McCarthy's slick courtroom-politician maneuvering did Tobey out of the chairmanship of the promising joint committee to investigate housing.

By pushing through committee a bar against voting by proxy (proxies would have won the chairmanship for Tobey), McCarthy not only cashiered Tobey, but also obtained the top spot for his own man, Representative Ralph R. Gamble (R, N.Y.). Gamble sees eye to eye with McCarthy on real estate, having opposed funds to enforce rent control and backed the Hawkes Amendment for a 15 percent "voluntary" rent increase.

Just to tighten things up a little more securely, McCarthy himself nailed down the vice-chairmanship. Tobey's comment: "The most unethical thing I've ever seen done in Congress."

Windmill Tilting

THE soaring cost of living is the hottest subject in the US political firmament and promises to remain so for some time. Both parties have a bad conscience about it and are taking steps to forestall the wrath of the voters. The Republicans, who made it inevitable by killing OPA, are holding Congressional hearings all over the country to let the public blow off steam. The Democrats, who didn't exactly look like Horatio at the bridge in defense of price control, last week matched the Republicans with an equally phony show of solicitude for the suffering United States shopper.

The Federal Trade Commission charged the US steel industry with conspiracy to fix prices and avoid competition. There will be hearings and perhaps the Administration can appear in the press for a while as a friend of the consumer. But the Federal Trade Commission is just a gadfly to the steel trust. It issued the same sort of complaint way back in 1924 and hasn't closed the case yet. At most FTC can issue a cease-and-desist order and fine the steel boys a microscopic fraction of their take. As in the past, the order would quickly be circumvented by a new dodge requiring a new complaint. In the meantime steel prices go just as the American Iron and Steel Institute decides they shall go.

Attorney General Tom Clark's Justice Department Anti-Trust Division was chosen to tilt publicly with the rubber combine. Since the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act (1890) and the Clayton Act (1914), the legal staffs of big US industries have developed almost fool-proof techniques for dodging and delaying the penalties of the law. Even the steam which the New Deal put into the Anti-Trust Division couldn't make much headway, and today that steam has dissipated into a feeble hiss.

A charge was also made against the Technicolor Corporation, and John F. Sonnett, assistant to the attorney general in charge of the Anti-Trust Division (better known as the man who got Lewis last fall), was being seen around the country in search of other malefactors. But at the end of the week the Bureau of Labor Statistics announced that the wholesale price index again hit a new postwar high and few really believed that either hearings or lengthy litigation would make a ten dollar bill go further at the corner grocery in the foreseeable future.

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Editor of "The Churchman" on Tito's Rule

by Guy Emery Shipler

BEFORE the seven clergymen and editors who have recently spent two weeks in Yugoslavia at the invitation of the government of that country, left the United States, they were fully aware that, even before their return, they would be denounced as "Reds" and "whitewashers." The uproar in a large part of the press in recent days has not disappointed them. I wish to emphasize that the committee's visit to Yugoslavia was made in the interests of world peace. Its sole purpose was to make an on-the-spot check of the status of religious worship under Marshal Tito, in the hope that the truth would help to dispel a misunderstanding that has seriously endangered Yugoslav-US relations.

Since it has been stated many times in the reactionary press that the party was "hand-picked," implying that it was chosen by the Yugoslav government, I also want to point out that no one in that government, and no one representing it, had anything to do with the selection of the group. The visit came about in this way:

DURING the past year particularly, rapidly increasing numbers of Protestants in America have expressed their concern over the political activities of the Vatican state and the Roman hierarchy in all parts of the world, including the United States. The efforts to break down the constitutional guarantee of separation of church and state, accented by the Supreme Court five-to-four decision in the New Jersey school-bus case, bringing official protests from every leading Protestant denomination in America, was a large factor in stepping up this fear of Roman political activity. Back of it was the continuation of the mission of Myron Taylor to the Vatican, also protested by Protestant official bodies in all parts of our country, without success.

Another and sinister factor in the accented concern of Protestants was the famous Stepinac case. Though the American press had presented the story of the archbishop's trial and conviction almost exclusively as the crime of a Red government against an innocent man who had been made a martyr because of his religion, stories of another sort began to come through, chiefly to the Protestant religious press.

A FEW of us, knowing something of the methods of the powerful Roman hierarchy, undertook such investigation of the Stepinac case as was possible in this country, with the result that we became convinced Americans had been completely deceived as to the true facts. In the process of conversations with representatives of the Yugoslav government we were asked if a small group of Protestant clergymen would be willing to go to Yugoslavia and investigate for themselves. We said that they would and two of us prepared a list of ten names. Invitations to make the visit were immediately sent to those on the list, three of whom were unable to go.

In addition to the Stepinac case, we were interested in the question of the freedom of worship in Yugoslavia, which Roman Catholic leaders in our country were insisting was non-existent, with churches closed and Roman Catholics being persecuted, no religious books allowed to be printed—in fact, no religious freedom of any sort being allowed.

WHEN we arrived in Belgrade we were met at the airport by a delegation of government representatives, including Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox priests. We were astonished because instead of finding Roman and Orthodox priests hanging on lamp-posts, as we had been warned in America we would, we found that they were not only free to do as they wished but were actually members of the government. This experience was repeated in every city we visited during our stay. Furthermore, in every city elaborate dinners were given us with representatives of the Orthodox and Roman churches present.

During our stay we sat in conferences with the theological faculties of higher institutions of both the Eastern Orthodox and the Roman Catholic churches. They outlined for us their various departments and informed us that they were affiliated academically with the country's universities. They showed us around their libraries, pointing out various volumes, many of which were publications by well known American theologians. We visited several monasteries, including the ancient and famous one in Dubrovnic.

We looked in vain during our visits to four of the republics of Yugoslavia for closed churches. During the two weeks, approximately 50 church services were visited by members of our group. We could have visited hundreds if we had had the time. On the first Sunday morning the entire group visited six churches in which masses were being celebrated. People were going in and out as freely as they do in America.

OUR peak experience was the accomplishment of one of our major purposes in going to Yugoslavia, that of seeing and talking with Stepinac in his prison at Lepoglava.

When we arrived at the prison Stepinac at first sent out word he did not wish to see us; that he would be glad to speak to a Roman Catholic group, but not to a group of Protestants. That seemed to be the end of our major purpose in going to Yugoslavia. For a space no one said anything. I thought of the charges in the Roman Catholic press of America that Stepinac was being slowly starved to death and otherwise mistreated. We discussed it for a few moments, wondering what to do. The warden then sent a guard to speak to Stepinac. He returned to say that Stepinac would see two or three of us, but did not

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wish to speak to us. Word finally came that he would see all of us in his cell.

I expected to find Stepinac in a narrow cell in prison stripes. Instead, he was in an immaculate room about twelve by twelve, wearing his cassock. In the center of the room was a desk and typewriter, at which he had obviously been working when we interrupted, since there was a half-finished sheet in the machine. Against the wall were book shelves, containing, I should estimate, 50 volumes.

Stepinac looked the picture of health. He was immediately asked by one of the two medical men with us whether his food was satisfactory, to which he said it was. He was then asked whether he was in good health. He replied that he had been fortunate in having good health during his time in prison. Asked in German whether he was allowed freedom to perform religious functions, he said that he celebrated mass daily, adding that this was his greatest consolation.

When we left, we entered Stepinac's private chapel next to his cell. It was a room of the same size, with a beautiful altar, on which were fresh flowers, fresh linen, book racks, etc.

Stepinac was sentenced to hard labor. His hard labor is not breaking rocks but making translations. He is allowed to see his mother and sister. He has had several visitors, including bishops.

WE had decided not to discuss his trial with Stepinac. We had spent hours over evidence of his collaboration with the Germans and the Ustashi, and his quisling leadership, as Archbishop of Croatia, in the brutal fight against the people of Yugoslavia. We had seen scores of photographs of the atrocities committed by the Ustashi, with the coöperation of Stepinac and other bishops and priests; we had examined many of the original documents, found in the cellar of Stepinac's palace after his arrest, proving his long coöperation with the country's enemies.

We knew that his only defense when shown such documents at his trial was: "My conscience is clear." It must be a badly informed conscience.

A Noisy Drone Among the B's

LOS ANGELES (*NR* correspondent).—Representative Carroll D. Kearns (R, Pa.), who used to conduct a choir, has made a noisy and muddled grade-B farce out of the congressional investigation of Hollywood labor troubles, which he has been conducting here for the last few weeks.

As chairman of a sub-committee of the House Labor Committee, which Representative Fred Hartley (R, N. J.) runs, Kearns was supposed to be tracking down charges of "labor racketeering" in two strikes arising from disputes between the old-line, conservative International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees, and the newer, more progressive Conference of Studio Unions. But Kearns and his counsel, Irving G. McCann, have turned over most of the show to film big-shots and provided, for a couple of hundred daily spectators, lots of fun —some clean, some not; a good deal of heat; and no light whatsoever.

Producers—fat and lean, tall and short, some reputedly earning 400 grand annually, some the pittance of $75,000—have strutted their stuff with the freedom befitting stars. But labor leaders have been given a rough going-over, and not only figuratively. AFL general counsel Joseph Padway objected to the irascible McCann's handling of labor witnesses as "Gestapo procedure." McCann hit him two swift blows and smashed his glasses.

Later McCann displayed his sense of fairness toward labor by referring to W. C. Doherty, AFL vice-president and head of the National Association of Letter Carriers, as a man "with more brains in his feet than he has in his head."

THE substance of the problem the Committee was supposed to be looking into was not aired until the first of the pro-labor witnesses, the Reverend George H. Dunne, a Jesuit priest, took the witness stand. Father Dunne, who said he entered the controversy for "humanitarian motives," testified that all efforts of settlement of jurisdictional strikes by the CSU and Los Angeles religious groups had been blocked by a conspiracy between the IATSE and the movie producers. As against a flock of charges by movie bigwigs, monotonous in their similarity, of the CSU's dire doings, the priest said the reason for the strike was quite simple: both the producers and IATSE were hoping to run the young progressive CSU out of business.

Despite McCann's pro-boss tactics and Kearns's taste for riding around and dining with producers, Herb Sorrell, president of the CSU, remains hopeful. He thinks the committee will be able to "tell the clean people from the racketeers in this affair."

SO far, the specific issue in the jurisdictional fight between CSU and IATSE has not been changed or affected by the hearings. That issue is the disagreement over which of the two unions is to have jurisdiction over the construction of movie sets.

The trouble started early in 1945, when a War Labor Board decision granted 77 formerly independent set decorators affiliation with a CSU union, which IATSE refused to accept. Then, late in 1945, an AFL arbitration board reversed the decision by issuing a "directive" favoring IATSE. In August, 1946, the board issued a "clarification" reversing the "directive," this time in favor of CSU. That started the second strike because producers and IATSE refused to accept the pro-CSU verdict.

Tough with union men, McCann thus far has shown no great desire to dig into the connection between the studios and IATSE. But movie actors as well as producers and executives have been witnesses, providing entertainment for about 200 spectators daily. Edward Arnold and Ronald Reagan testified that Bill Hutcheson, old-line head of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, thwarted the Screen Actors' Guild efforts to mediate the dispute, which still is costing the screen magnates lots of money in reduced operations. On McCann's antics, Arnold, who has played many screen lawyers, commented, "A good performance."

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Henry Wallace

Come Out Fighting!

THE future of American democracy and of the labor movement in America are bound closely together. On Labor Day, 1947, as we move toward a crucial year, the responsibility of our trade-union leaders is great.

A progressive movement in a great industrial nation must be based on a farsighted and well organized alliance between the workers and the farmers. Without this alliance the independents—writers, teachers, professional groups, small businessmen—are lost and cannot be effective in public affairs.

It is up to labor to lead. Labor's own interest requires a new awareness of this necessity. Today economic and political issues are so closely bound up that labor cannot achieve even its most immediate economic objectives without political action.

The efforts of trade unions since the war to maintain the real wages of our workers have been nullified by the failure of the Congress to hold the line on prices. Labor's share of the responsibility for inflation has not been the winning of necessary wage increases but its failure to buttress these increases with political action to maintain effective price control. Given real political organization, labor would not be in jeopardy today from a Taft-Hartley Act.

And given this political organization, America today would not be moving toward depression and Two Worlds. Because labor must form the basis of the broad progressive movement that can save America, it is up to labor to lead in the fight for the welfare of all citizens. Again, it is in labor's self-interest to voice the broadest aspirations of Americans because there is today no issue, domestic or foreign, that does not concern labor.

Both the AFL and the CIO have made it clear that political action will be a major concern from now on. In this, labor and all groups in the progressive movement have much to learn from the established political parties. And yet we, who join to work for a better America, cannot follow like slaves the standards and methods of old-line groups in politics. Our appeal to Americans, and our reason for joining together, is to set a new pattern for political action.

So, at a time when labor leaders are recognizing the necessity for progressive organization, one whose political wisdom has been discounted with interesting regularity by the "professionals," offers some advice to the officers of our great trade unions.

Opportunism in politics may work for reaction. It can never work for us. This must be true in the long run, even though in the short run it may at times seem otherwise.

It has been said, for example, that "Henry Wallace proved his political ineptitude at the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1944 when he insulted the Southern Democrats by declaring that the 'poll tax must go'." But this comment, typical among political opportunists, ignores the reality that acquiescence to reaction and silence on issues that strike deep in the hearts of great masses of the people will never build support for progressives or a progressive movement of consequence.

If we use the Machiavellian concept of most politicians—that is, that the end justifies the means and that principles are things one talks about, recognizes as impractical, and ignores in action—the judgment of "political ineptitude" may be justified. But if we use that standard in progressive political operations, we shall remain easy marks for reaction.

Progressives cannot win by playing an unprincipled game. When we practise cleverness at the expense of honesty, we inevitably lose. Try as we may, we can be neither as cunning nor as dishonest as the opposition. There is no reason to try. Progressives have both the principles and the majority of the people. The job is one of mobilizing that majority by exposing unprincipled actions and providing direction through principles.

WE need also to be realistic and tough in meeting and overcoming the inevitable attack of reaction against our movement.

Because the liberal's philosophy is essentially a love of mankind, we are inclined to be soft in judgments. We doubt that reactionaries can really be as bad as they seem to be. We look for the good things they do. We like to accent the positive. As a result, we often delude ourselves about the nature of the opposition.

We do not employ weapons of smear, slander, intimidation and character assassination and we are often

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distracted from our purpose when these weapons are used against us. Too often fear of attack drives us from holding to positions demanded by the responsibilities of leadership.

This sensitivity causes some men of genuine principle to compromise on issues. They are embarrassed when a position based on principle is attacked as "idealistic" or "unrealistic." They don't like to have the epithets of impracticality hurled at them. But silence is not practical; and in the long run principles are either practical or they are not valid.

It is a never-ceasing wonder to me that some experienced leaders of labor remain vulnerable to adjectives hurled by the opposition—"idealistic," "impractical," "communistic," and the dozens of others used by reactionaries. One might expect this softness from other liberals, but it is shocking to find it among some labor officials who should know the enemy and his tricks. It is their very experience in organizing that makes us look to them for leadership.

We can't let the enemy call the signals.

AT THE same time that we stop fooling ourselves about the basic integrity and decency of the opposition and the possibility of licking them with their own tricks, we should learn the true character of some of the self-styled liberals—in and out of labor—who weaken the movement. Some of them today are deserting our ranks, kowtowing to reaction and commenting that they can always win back honest progressives when there is a greater chance for victory. They tell us that the times are tough and that they are retiring from the battle that they "may live to fight another day." Others, even more dangerously, stay with us, counseling silence, softness, the exchange of minor favors for over-all endorsements of reactionary policies.

I don't believe in propagating martyrs. I believe that practical progressive politics requires some judgment in planning sacrifices. But there is a difference between judicious retreats and planned or cowardly betrayal. We shall not progress by following Machiavelli's idea:

> If the chief party . . . which you think most useful and of most consequence to you for the conservation of your dignity, be corrupt, you must follow their humor and indulge them, and in that case honesty and virtue are pernicious.

Labor rightly expects that progressives outside of the labor movement recognize the threat to the national welfare of a Taft-Hartley Act and other attempts to weaken and suppress workers' organizations. It is not too much to expect that labor itself should take leadership in attacking all infringements of civil liberties. Many liberals—in and out of labor—quote Voltaire's "I disapprove of what you have to say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." But how many of those who proclaim their devotion to this principle are raising their voices today in behalf of men and women who are prison-bound because they would not bow to the intimidating tactics of Thomas, Rankin and the House Un-American Activities Committee?

It requires courage to attack injustice in a time of reaction, but the building of a powerful progressive political movement will require courage. It requires the building of our own strategy and tactics and the discarding of opportunist methods. It requires an immunity to the enemy's demagogy. It requires that we learn the true nature of the opposition and avoid letting our own love of tolerance make us the victims of those who lack tolerance.

If these standards for progressive leadership are right, what do they mean today?

No labor official interested in political progress will proclaim support of the present Administration at this time. Some progressives, through an astounding naïveté and lack of political judgment, are dissipating their power with premature pledges to an Administration which has not earned the support of progressives. Some, calling themselves progressives, are selling out for petty favors. Other true progressives in public office are being forced to give up their independence of action because labor and liberals have not given them the support that resistance to present trends requires.

No liberal can safely pledge support to this Administration at a time when our foreign policy includes the support of reactionaries everywhere; when the Administration is advocating ever greater armaments, demanding universal military training and promoting warmindedness; when it is using gentle exhortation rather than political power to get price reductions; and makes only feeble gestures to win liberal and labor support.

According to the New York *Post,* the sincerity of the Truman veto of the Taft-Hartley bill is only questioned by "Communists," yet one of its leading columnists, Harold Ickes, has presented the most complete documentation of that insincerity.

IF THE present Administration were not guilty of taking leadership itself in promotion of a reactionary foreign policy and the proclamation of untenable "loyalty orders," I would sympathize with its difficulties in dealing with an arch-reactionary, Republican-dominated Congress. But the Administration's own record is in many instances an attempt to outdo the Republicans at their game.

In its most recent report, the President's Economic Advisory Council relegated the fundamental problem

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of outlandish profits to some tables at the end of the report. A fighting liberal administration, the kind progressives must work for and demand, would have taken this extraordinary material and highlighted it in the President's recommendations to Congress. The Truman message did not emphasize this material.

The President sent a message to Congress covering the vital matter of flood control and reclamation. The message was based on War Department recommendations and virtually ignored the proposals for a Missouri Valley Authority, which a fighting administration would have demanded. Like the officers of labor unions in bargaining negotiations, the President should have set his maximum reasonable proposal before Congress and settled for less only of necessity.

This brings us to the theory of the "lesser of two evils." If all that I have related is true, is it not also true that the Republicans are worse? Do we dare break with the Truman Administration? Shouldn't we hold on to the present leadership in preference to the reactionaries of the other party? Wouldn't Republican reaction be worse than the Truman Administration?

These are the questions earnest liberals are asking. I don't think they are well timed. I think they are evidence of sincere naïveté in some quarters and outright treachery in others.

On this Labor Day, 1947, we should not be discussing which is the lesser of evils. We should be planning to avoid the necessity of such a choice by winning control of the Democratic convention. We should be planning to get the best possible candidates for Congress in every congressional district.

We can still avoid the necessity of trying to pick the lesser of evils. We can win with fighting progressives in dozens of congressional districts. We can multiply the thin ranks of actual fighters in the halls of Congress. We can replace Republicans and self-styled "Democrats." But we can do these things only if we concentrate on the job of building organization and deny ourselves the luxury of diversionary debates.

THE leaders of organized labor have a heavy responsibility in translating hopes for peace and prosperity into reality. Joining with farmers, professional people and small businessmen, they can make dreams come true. But if they are to do this job, they must refresh their memories. They must remember that their great trade unions were built, and that they, in many cases, earned their positions, by tackling fundamental issues and ignoring the attempts of openly hostile and nominally "friendly" forces to divert them from their objectives.

Labor's leaders know that they can't deliver a vote by personally endorsing a candidate who lacks a program and a record to win the workers. John L. Lewis' coal miners respect his leadership on their immediate trade-union issues. He has delivered. But they have ignored his endorsements of candidates whose progressivism has been questionable.

The Democratic Party should not be fooled by the occasional endorsement of the Administration coming from a trade-union official. The hopes for a Democratic victory in 1948 rest on actually getting the forces of organized labor to ring doorbells and enthusiastically campaign for the party's candidates. Such enthusiasm will come only from a dynamic program and truly progressive candidates.

The labor officials who help find candidates for Congress, who demand progressive programs, and who rally their members around the only banner they will accept—the banner of progress—can be politically effective. They can help change our present dangerous course. They can help save the American trade-union movement.

It is not enough for labor to use the Taft-Hartley vote and other domestic issues as criteria for measuring candidates. Labor cannot safely ignore the relationship of foreign and domestic policy. The men and women and children who are dying in Indonesia or Palestine or Greece are workers and farmers, too. Labor here at home must act or we shall feel the terror common men and women have already felt in so much of the world.

THERE are great issues today and we shall either meet them with courage or pay the costs in the misery of depression and war. Let labor view with alarm the danger posed by men whose primary interest is the protection of their excessive economic power and who will, perhaps unwittingly, give us an American version of Italian fascism or German nazism, *unless labor acts.* These are the men who raise the loudest hue and cry about the menace of communism, and it is alarming to hear them parroted by some leaders of labor. We cannot fall prey to such generated fears if we have confidence in our democratic system and build on principles a truly democratic movement. Organized labor can and must take much of the leadership in showing that principle is more powerful than patronage.

If we lack confidence in democracy, if we doubt the practicality of principles, if we play the enemy's game, we are not Democrats. Unqualified devotion to the principles of political freedom—confidence in democracy—demands constant, untiring efforts and does not permit the luxury of self-indulgence in factionalism.

The summer is over. Labor Day is here. It is the time to "come out fighting." H. W.

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It's Still Done the Hard Way

by Lawrence Lader

To survive in the South's vicious industrial battle, a CIO organizer must use his fists as well as his head

WE WERE driving through one of the mill towns on the outskirts of Macon, Georgia. The dirt road wound past huffing freight trains and a valley filled with garbage. Then the houses began, row after row. They were unpainted, their walls cracked and sagging. Pieces of cardboard filled the broken windows. In the privies at the rear, doors hung from one hinge. Nothing moved. It seemed like a deserted town until a barefoot child scampered down one of the steps.

But Ernie Starnes wasn't looking. He was glancing into the rear mirror of the car. "Just habit," he smiled. "There's only one road in, and one road out. The company police hate my guts. They have stooges watching every move I make. Around here, I never know what's going to happen next."

For Ernie Starnes, field organizer of the CIO in Macon and the surrounding area, every minute of every day is like that. Every minute of every day is another round in one of the toughest fights going on in America—union organization of the South. He's a big guy, this Starnes, six feet, 200 pounds, built like a football coach's dream. For years, he whipped the first steel unions in Atlanta into shape and captained the early, rough-and-tumble strikes. "But these textile mills are different," he says. "Everything that went before is like a picnic compared to this."

From the day that Starnes came to Macon, the textile companies have tried to drive him out. One plant manager even tried to run over him with his car. "The first time we started passing out leaflets at the gate of one of the larger plants," Starnes recalls, "a company executive called up the sheriff. 'I want those men taken away,' he says, just as if we were a pile of old newspapers. 'They got laws to protect them now,' the sheriff answered. 'But don't you worry. If there's any trouble, I'll be right out there to round 'em up'."

In Milledgeville, which is about 30 miles from Macon, a committee called on Starnes in his office. "Get out of town by six tonight," they told him.

"By six, there was a big crowd across the street," Starnes says. "They were whistling and yelling. It was worse by 6:30. I came downstairs to the street and the crowd started to close in. The sheriff had his car parked by the curb. I jumped in. 'What are you going to do to protect me?' I asked him. 'I can't do nothing unless you have a warrant,' he replied. 'At least you can drive me to the hotel,' I said. So he did. When we got there, the crowd was just as bad. I got out of the car. I figured they couldn't tell how many was on my side and how many was against me. I walked right from the car to my room, and not a damn one opened his mouth.

"The next day, a bunch of them came to the hotel. The clerk was a friend of mine and warned me. I could hear them coming up stairs. All I had in the room was a long pair of scissors. So I left the door on the latch and stood behind the door. I could see the knob turning, but they must have got worried because the door was open, and they never came in. It's a good thing. I was so scared I don't know what I would've done to them with those scissors."

The first battle facing Starnes and every union official in the South is winning the freedom to organize. The next is even harder: they've got to reach workers. In the lumberyards, packing plants, in a dozen other small industries, it's not so bad. The workers live in their own homes. You can ring their bells and talk to them. But the textile mills are different. Textile-mill towns are feudal empires, with their own stores, their own courts, their own police and jails. Because the worker must rent his house from the company, he's a prisoner. He can't move because there are few empty houses in mill towns today. If he lives away from the mill, he can't afford the carfare to get to work.

Roofless unionists

"THE company uses the houses like a club," Starnes says. "If they find a worker's joined the union, they threaten to evict him. Often a son as well as a father works at the mill. Then they'll go to the mother. 'You better get your husband and son out of that union quick,' they say, 'or you'll wake up without a roof over your head.' The worst part of all is that mill towns are private property. If I tried to distribute a handbill, the company police would run me out in a second. We can't even be sure of reaching them by mail. At first, when I sent union announcements there, the postman would bring the whole batch of mail to the mill, and the company was able to tell from the addresses just who belonged to the union and who didn't. Now I think I got them fooled. When I mail out union notices, I mail them to every worker living in the mill village, so the company doesn't know who belongs to the union and who doesn't."

Because Starnes can't organize in the mill towns, he has to pass out his handbills and newspapers at the gates of the

Lawrence Lader, a veteran of the South Pacific and the Armed Forces Radio Service, is an ex-contributing editor of Coronet. *He is now free-lancing in the magazine and radio fields.*

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plants. Even this is hazardous. The companies keep "goon" squads on their pay rolls and support local units of the Klan. Just a few months ago, Starnes was passing out leaflets at the gate of Macon Textiles when 20 men came out. "You can't pass out no leaflets today," the leader snapped.

"I had a few of my boys in cars nearby," Starnes recalls with a smile. "But I yelled over to them like they was a whole army: you should've seen that company crowd retreat through the gates. They were really laying for us that night, though. Fire hoses and everything. It's a good thing we didn't try to come back."

Informers and stooges

SIGNING UP men and women for the union is just the beginning of the fight. Starnes can't take the risk of holding an election until three-quarters of the workers have joined. In the meantime, the company is keeping a careful check on everyone who has signed a union card. They have informers in every section of the mill. They have stooges who join the union to keep on the inside.

"First, the company tries to get a union member to tear up his card," Starnes says grimly. "If that doesn't work, they begin to scare the hell out of him. The foreman rides him. They transfer him from one job to another. The last step is the simplest. They just fire him. That's what really hurts. I got over 70 good union men now sitting around Macon without a job. The company uses them as examples to the other workers. See what happens, they say. They joined the union, and now they ain't got a job. It happens over and over. Every time I get a good man working for the union, he gets fired.

"The worst part is that once a worker is fired for joining a union, he'll never get another job in textiles. The industry really has it down to a science. The way it works, the Georgia Cotton and Textile Association must have some sort of permanent blacklist. Even if a worker leaves Macon and goes to another town, they follow him. Look what happened to Will Guyton after he joined the union. He got fired from Macon Textiles and went up to the Aldora Mills in Barnesville. A couple of days later, he was fired again. No explanation. Just fired.

"They can't even get unemployment compensation. Affidavits are on file telling what happens to workers who go to the Bureau of Unemployment Compensation and say they're unemployed. 'Why'd you lose your job?' the bureau asks. 'For joining the union,' they say. 'That's not the company's story,' says the bureau. 'The company says you weren't doing your job right. So I guess we can't help you'."

Although the National Labor Relations Act states that workers cannot be fired for union activity or joining a union, laws don't seem to count for much. Take the case of John Tapley, who was a card grinder at Bibb Manufacturing Company's No. 1 plant for five years. In his sworn affidavit, Tapley states: "In July or August of last year, Mr. Erwin Johnson came up to me and asked: 'How are you for the union?' I said: 'I am for it.' Mr. Johnson said: 'We had a union here once before, and I was a member. The union is no good. They got us in a strike and run off and left us.' Johnson asked me to talk to all of my help and tell them not to fool with any union. . . ."

Then there's the case of James Potter, who was a doffer at the Atlantic Cotton Mill. In his sworn affidavit, he testified that Allen O'Neill, a gate watchman, "told me that he had heard the big boss say that they were going to start firing everyone that had anything to do with the union on the following Monday morning. Monday morning, they fired Bill Wesson, leader in the union. Tuesday morning, they fired my wife, Augustine Potter, and fired Katie Bailey on Tuesday morning also. I went to work on Tuesday night, and I met my section man. He said: 'James, come here a minute. Jack told me to tell you he couldn't use you any more, and for you to go on back home.' I asked him what that was for. He said: 'I don't know. You are the best doffer that we have on the shift, and I don't know what the trouble is'."

These are just two of dozens of alleged violations of the National Labor Relations Act that Starnes has filed with the NLRB. But the firings go on, week after week. "The textile companies never gave a damn for the Wagner Act," Starnes says grimly. "They pay even less attention to it now that it's been weakened by the Taft-Hartley Act. They know it takes from eight months to three years for these cases to come up for a hearing. In the meantime, they're accomplishing their immediate purpose of breaking the union. The more men they fire and the more men we got sitting around Macon without jobs, the tougher it is to keep organizing."

Back in 1946, when the Southern drive began, the CIO Organizing Committee in Atlanta knew that if any man could crack the Macon textile mills, it was Ernie Starnes. Starnes was born in Georgia 32 years ago. He comes from a

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union family. His uncle was in the railroad strike of 1920 and his mother was fired from three jobs for helping to organize the ILGWU in Atlanta.

Starnes knows all about poverty. For years, his mother tried to keep a family of four alive on $6 a week, and Ernie had to quit his formal education to go to work before he had even entered high school in Atlanta. But he has learned fast. Today he is as much at home in a plush-carpeted corporation lawyer's office as on the picket line.

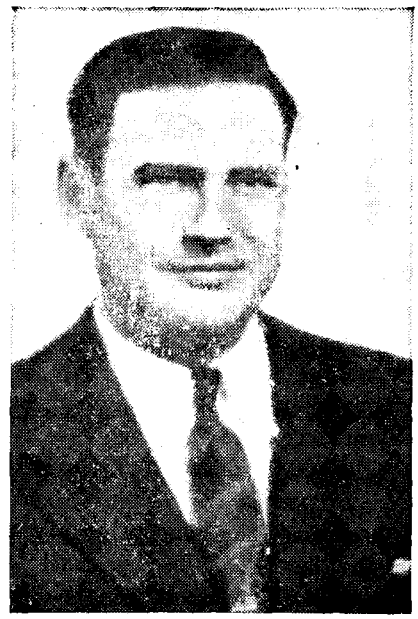
Starnes began union organization in 1934 when he was a finisher in the Atlantic Steel mills in Atlanta. When the CIO won the first election in 1940 by an overwhelming four-to-one majority, he became the first president of Local 2401. He led the bitter strike of 1941 when the company brought 500 scabs into the plant. Starnes was thrown into jail without bail. But he finally won a four-cent-an-hour raise and vacations with pay.

Late in 1941, Starnes was made Field Representative of District 35, United Steelworkers. In the 1945 steel strike, he was chairman of the Relief Committee, and helped guide the strike at Atlantic Steel to a successful conclusion. This was the first time a Southern union won the same 18½-cent raise the Pittsburgh unions had gained.

Then he went to Milledgeville for 16 months. It was a good training ground for Macon. At the Reynolds Corporation Naval Ordnance Fuse Plant, he had to fight every inch of the way. A number of workers who displayed CIO union buttons were discharged. Local businessmen backed the formation of a company-dominated union, which attacked the CIO as an "international group of bloodsuckers." The plant manager even called workers together during working hours to talk against the union. But the CIO finally won the election, and Local 3500 was established.

Fissionable baby

STARNES was transferred to Macon in June, 1946. He lives in a small apartment only a few blocks from his office with his pretty, dark-haired wife and 18-month-old son. Mrs. Starnes was an organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the Piedmont



ERNIE STARNES

Shirt Company in South Carolina. When she was fired, she came to the Cluett, Peabody Company in Atlanta. "The Amalgamated Clothing Workers were giving a dance," Starnes recalls with a smile. "She was on the ticket committee and had to have someone take her around to the steel locals. That was me." They were married in 1944. Their son's name, which is full of Rooseveltian and fissionable symbolism, is Franklin Atom Starnes. Last year, Starnes brought the baby to the state CIO Convention, where someone pinned a delegate's badge on him. "Before I knew it," Starnes says, "the papers were all taking pictures, and the next day he was billed as the youngest delegate ever to attend a CIO convention."

In the nine months of organization at Macon, Starnes risked only two elections. At Atlantic Cotton Mills, the union was defeated by the close margin of 24 votes. At Macon Textiles, Starnes had to call the election off in the middle of balloting. "The company was using every trick in the book," he recalls grimly. "They had union men spotted, and their own men at the gate. Every time one of our boys tried to vote, they'd lock the gate.

"At the Eastman Cotton Mills in Eastman, it was even worse. We had 286 men signed up before the election. Then the company told employees that every man whose ballot was contested would lose his job. They had those guys so scared that when the election came, only 88 voted for the union."

Even preachers are kept on company pay rolls. Since the companies set up their own churches in the mill towns, the preachers are a useful weapon of anti-union propaganda. One of them recently launched a campaign to sell his congregation on the idea that CIO stood for "Christ Is Out."

Wages are pulled up and down like toy balloons. Every time an election draws near, the companies announce a raise. When the pressure is off, wages come down. Even worse, the on-the-job training program, which is financed by the Veterans' Administration, is being used as a cheap-wage device. Veterans are supposed to get a regular salary in addition to the $65 or $90 a month they receive from the government. But companies pay veterans 65 cents an hour (when the rate for the same job in Pennsylvania is $1.22 to $1.85) and figure that government money will supplement it.

"Pay or get out"

TO SEE these tactics in operation, I drove down to Thomasville with Starnes. Clyde Brock, one of the CIO's field organizers, had gone down there a few weeks before to start organizing the Flowers Baking Company. Everything went well at first. He had signed up 24 of about 30 white drivers who sell the bread in the surrounding area. A union man in the plant had signed up 20 of the Negro bakers and production men. Then Flowers, the local chamber of commerce, the City Council and the City Manager teamed up to drive the CIO out of town. Brock was told that a city ordinance required a $2,500 license for a union organizer. "If you don't pay it or get out of town," the City Manager had said, "I'll throw you in jail."

When we got to Thomasville, which is more than 100 miles from Macon near the Florida line, we went right to the Brocks' apartment. Mrs. Brock gave us a capsule description of the town. "Most of the people don't know what a union is," she explained. "They've never even had the AFL here."

Clyde Brock, a handsome, red-faced man, had talked with the City Manager

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that morning. "That stuff about a $2,500 license for organizing turned out to be a bluff," he smiled. "There isn't any ordinance. But now he says we can't hold a meeting without getting the signatures of Thomasville citizens on a petition. All he really wants is to get the names of the union men on paper." Brock, and subsequently several Flowers employees, told me how "Old Man Flowers" had been trying to scare Negro production men. Ordinarily he loaned them money. Now he says he won't lend them a cent if they join the union. He even got to Brock's man at the plant and made him tear up the 20 union cards.

Since Brock couldn't get a meeting hall, we met at eight that night on the sidewalk near the fire station. There were Starnes, Brock and a dozen of the drivers. These drivers had never been near a union hall before, but they knew what they wanted and they knew that only the union could get it for them. "I've been selling for Flowers for 20 years," one gray-haired man said. "But if there's a bad season next month, he'll lay me off in a second. We got to have some security. We got to have a pension plan and health and insurance funds."

"A friend of mine belongs to the union at Moultrie," another said. "He says the union's the best thing that ever happened there. But we can't make a union out of the drivers alone. We got to have the production men with us."

"All the production men are Negroes," Starnes explained. "They were scared to come tonight. You know what would happen if the cops caught them at a white meeting. You've got to show them you want them. You've got to invite them to the next meeting and bring them in your own cars."

The men nodded. They laid plans for a bigger meeting at the union hall in a nearby town. Whites, Negroes, all working together. It was a new idea, a big one.

The killer instinct

IF we could only lick the race issue," Starnes says, "we could really move ahead. The companies are playing whites against Negroes, Negroes against whites. They're spending thousands of dollars distributing pictures of white and Negro union leaders eating together at meetings. They keep screaming about how the CIO is going to bring amalgamation of the races. They got the Klan working overtime sending newspapers and pamphlets all over the state."

But workingmen are gradually learning that no union can succeed unless whites and Negroes fight side by side. "It's a slow process of education," Starnes says. "I had to learn it myself. I worked with Negroes in the steel mills for years. I got to respect them and they respected me. In the big strike at Atlanta, 400 of them went out with me and stuck by me. One day, one of the cops struck Will Mathews, a Negro boy, with his car and then got out and started to beat him up. I never felt like killing a man so much in my life. I rushed over and told him if he touched that boy again I'd set those 400 Negroes on him and let them tear him apart. That cop never caused any more trouble."

The growth of coöperation between Negroes and whites is one of the more encouraging aspects of the CIO drive. But there are others. The organization of small plants like Flowers Baking has come along even faster than expected. At Procter and Gamble, Central Cotton Oil, Standard Feed Milling and other plants employing about 50 men each, the CIO has organized 18 locals. Plain, everyday citizens in Macon and the towns around it are getting to understand the CIO. They are gradually realizing that it isn't an agent of the devil, but the simplest way to give the workingman a chance to live.

But these are small victories. The great textile mills, employing the mass of Georgia's workers, are still feudal empires with thousands upon thousands of workers imprisoned in their decaying mill towns, working at low wages, afraid of losing their jobs. This is the heart of feudal industry in the South. For no matter how well the CIO does in the smaller plants, the success or failure of its organizational drive depends on textiles.

"If we could only crack one mill," Starnes says. He's been fighting the union fight since he was a kid, this big guy with the fists of a prizefighter. He's been thrown into jail. He's been punched and beaten. His face and neck are scarred from the struggle. But when he drives through a mill town, you can see his face grow soft and hear a note of pleading in his voice. "If we could only crack one mill," he says, "we could get somewhere. We could start cleaning up this mess."

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THE NATION IN PERIL!

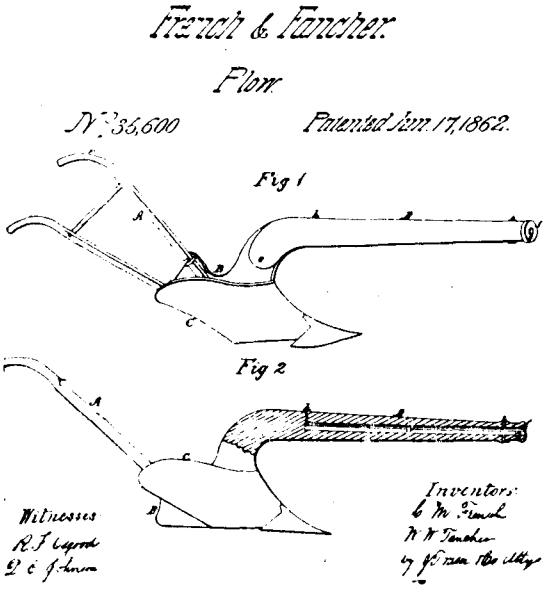
or SECRETS FOR SALE

25 cents 25

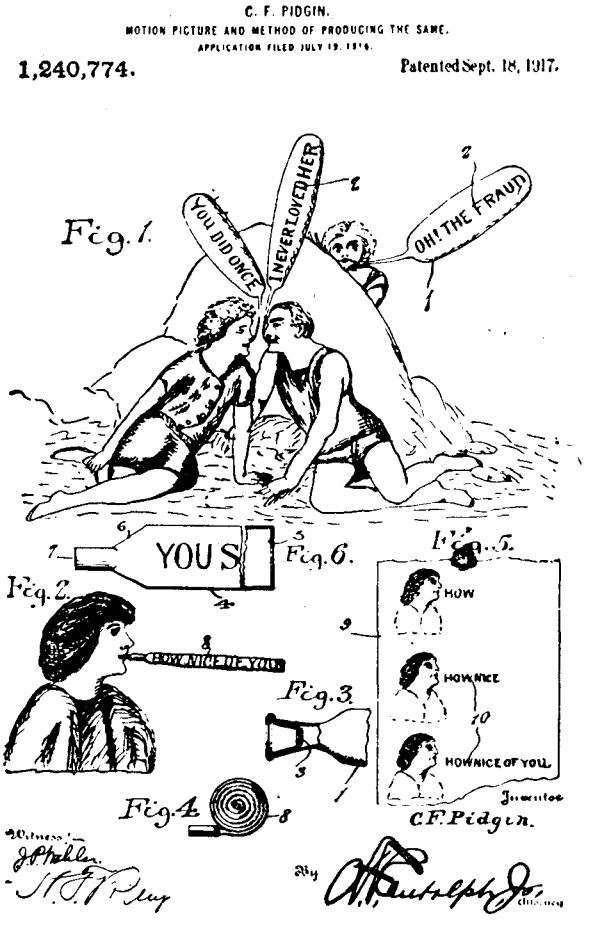
IN 1870, Congress passed a law ordering the Commissioner of Patents to make available to everyone at a nominal fee without restriction, copies of all patents on file in the US Patent Office.

In March of this year, Representative J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.), alert to everything which might menace the national security, informed the House that the Russians were buying copies of our patents by the bale and enriching their technology and war-making potential at our expense.

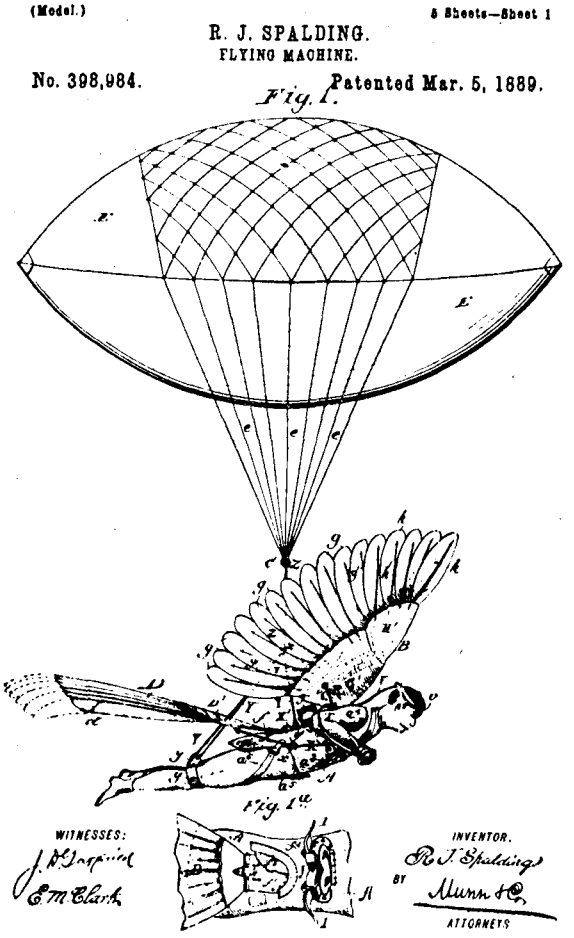
Somewhat alarmed at Thomas' disclosures, we sent one of our experts to the Patent Office to make a survey of the remnants of our national treasure. There our expert was informed that in July, 1940, a law had been passed providing that applications for patents which are clearly of a secret military nature and valuable to the enemy be placed in a secret file. Thomas apparently was referring to the vast body of general know-how which is still available to spies at 25 cents a patent. We are able to offer assurances, however, that many of these ingenious devices—a few of which are reproduced on these pages—are still safe and will, in our opinion, so remain.



● In this combination ploughshare and gun, the plowshare anchors the gun against recoil, the beam is a metal barrel. In time of trouble, the partisan thoughtfully unhitches his horses, points the beam-barrel and lets go. The inventors pointed out that it is of "unquestionable utility . . . especially when used in border localities subject to savage feuds and guerrilla warfare."



● No subtlety of the propagandist's art has escaped Yankee ingenuity. In this 1917 patent, rubber balloons similar to collapsible New Year's horns are painted with bits of dialogue. Silent movie stars blow balloons to full extent to illuminate important points. Useful at deadlocked conferences.



● Plans of early flying machine are available in most detailed drawings. While several operational bugs have not been completely solved, the principle is clear to all scientists, and an enemy willing to invest enough manpower and material might solve the problems in five years.

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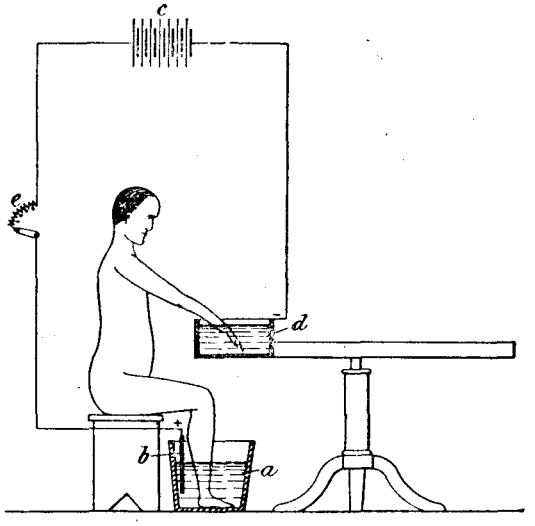
T. M. CLAGUE.
PROCESS FOR EXTRACTING METALS FROM LIVING BODIES.
APPLICATION FILED SEPT. 30, 1913.

1,123,683. Patented Jan. 5, 1915.



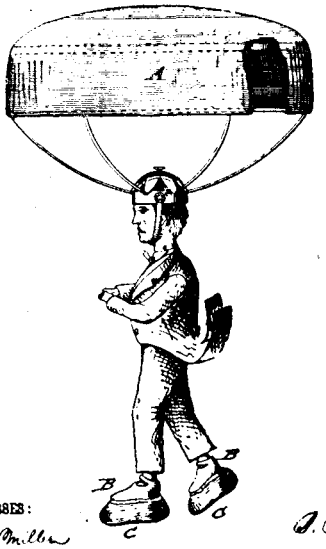
Witnesses
M. C. Burrell
C. F. Cosby

Inventor
Thomas Malthy Clague
By his Attorneys
Baldwin & Wright

● Patented by an Englishman, this device was designed to extract, by electrolysis, metals from the human body. In unscrupulous hands, machine could aid war potential of hostile power by draining uranium salts from bodies of unwilling slave peoples.

B. B. OPPENHEIMER.
Fire-Escape.

No. 221,855. Patented Nov. 18, 1879.



WITNESSES:
Henry N. Miller
C. Sedgwick

INVENTOR:
B. B. Oppenheimer
BY Munn & Co
ATTORNEYS.

● This fire-escape apparatus was patented by a Tennessean. Complete with "overshoes having elastic bottom pads of suitable thickness," it was designed to allow citizens to parachute from blazing buildings. Potential enemy could use mechanism to equip suicide squads of paratroopers.

C. Singer,
Rocking Chair.

No. 92,379. Patented July 6, 1869.

Fig. 1.

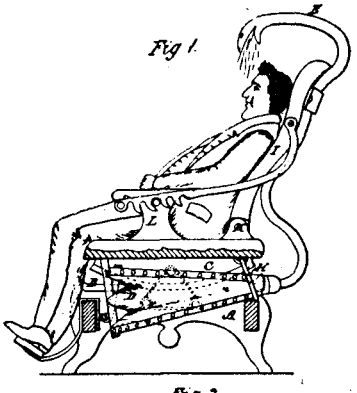
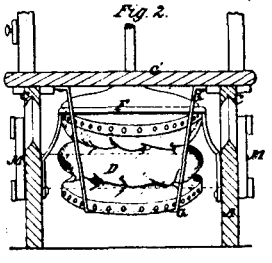


Fig. 2.



Witnesses,
[illegible]

Inventor.
Singer
per [illegible]
atty

● Troubled times require cool head. Charles Singer of South Bend, Indiana, presented this solution in 1869. His patented rocking chair rests on box bellows which are squeezed as the occupant rocks; the bellows pump air through a hose directly upon the brow of the sitter. Military significance is obvious.

A. ZUKOR.
BURGLAR ALARM.
APPLICATION FILED JULY 22, 1912.

1,046,533. Patented Dec. 10, 1912.
2 SHEETS—SHEET 1.

Fig. 1.

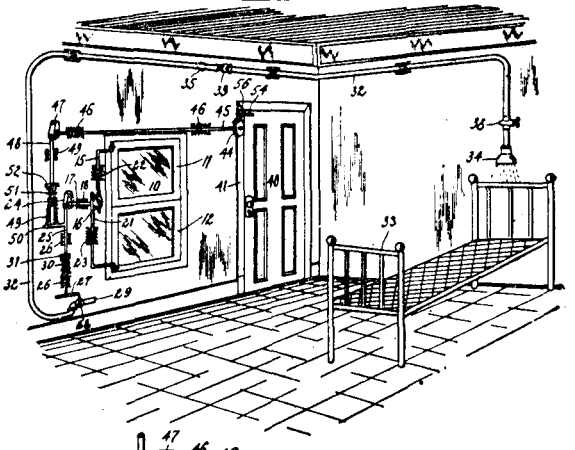


Fig. 2

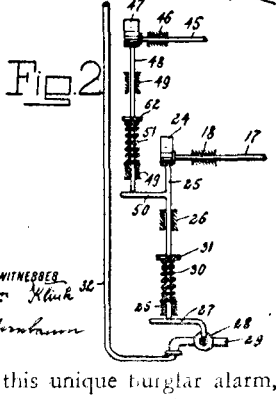


Fig. 3.

WITNESSES
[illegible]

Arnold Zukor INVENTOR
BY Sigmund Kaye
ATTORNEY

● In this unique burglar alarm, a series of cogs, levers and pipes are so arranged that any one opening a door or window will douse the recumbent sleeper with ice water. Patented in 1912, this invention shows early American thinking on security.

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Trouble at the Fish Pier

by James Higgins and Gordon Donald

Rotting haddock and a court decision floored Boston's fishermen, but they've bounced back before in their long, uphill fight

SHORTLY after seven in the morning every weekday of the year, fish dealers in shirt sleeves, a few trawler captains in tweeds and an occasional group of stodgy sight-seers start filing through the swinging doors that lead to the auction room of the Boston Fish Exchange. Strangers stop near the doors, look in vain around the high-ceilinged, barren, dirty-brown room for chairs and wander over to study the prize fish and lobsters in dusty glass cases that constitute the room's sole ornamentation. Regulars gather in groups to discuss the week's catch and grind out cigarettes on the bare wood floor.

Promptly at 7:45, an automatic bell that sounds like a particularly strident burglar alarm peals through the room and out over the unpainted pier that extends into Boston Harbor beyond the unwashed windows. The dealers and skippers move toward a platform in the center of the room. Five young men in bleached khaki shirts and pants, one of whom is likely to be wearing a baseball cap, climb up onto the platform. Pressed against a massive oak rail, their dead-pan faces overlooking the crowd, they open up a fast

and mechanical barking of vessels in from the deep sea with fish for sale.

First bids are on haddock. After bids have climbed by the cent and half-cent per pound until the dealers will signal no more, the auctioneers shut off their chatter and gaze stonily across the room at a worn blackboard where, under "Western Bank Haddock," the selling price is chalked. The dealers meet with individual skippers and arrange their purchases. Suddenly the auctioneers open up again, this time on cod.

As the bidding continues there comes, from the vessel-edged pier outside, the sound of haddock being unloaded—the squeal of ropes in hoisting pulleys, the mutter of deck-based donkey engines—as the fish are swung in bins out of trawler holds and landed dockside. Lumpers in hip boots wielding trident forks spear the fish into two-wheeled carts; the carts, once hand-hauled, are dragged by baby tractors across the wet concrete of the pier into processing stalls.

That's the way things usually run of a morning on the fish pier out in Boston's clouded green harbor. But one morning last winter nothing ran —no hoists, no engines, no tractors. The fish stayed in the holds of 19 docked trawlers. Fishermen, speaking through their AFU (Atlantic Fishermen's Union), said dealers had combined to rig the auction price very low. Since fishermen's wages come out of the dock-sale price and go up or down according to what fish bring in in the auction room, the men on this winter morning strolled across Northern Avenue to their union hall to wait out the dealers. Four days later most of the fish had spoiled in the holds.

From editorial pulpits Boston newspapers preached on the scarlet sin of the AFU. Massachusetts' number-one labor-baiter, attorney general Clarence Barnes, strode forth to do his duty. The spoiled fish gave Barnes an occasion to act in the old New England name of moral purpose. Brandishing an antique state monopoly law, he smote the AFU.

The fishermen fought back. Having failed to prevent price-cutting by their refusal to unload, they voted to restrict the catch at sea to keep their market-price high. (Their technique was businesslike: they voted to "regulate the catch at sea to maintain peacetime production in keeping with the production experience of the war years" and to "make shorter but more frequent trips purposed to assure fresher and better quality of fish and thereby to obtain premium market prices.")

Union monopoly

ALTHOUGH the fishermen's action was an imitation of common business practices of restricting supply to increase demand, attorney general Barnes pressed his case. On August 1, the Massachusetts Superior Court gave Barnes a smashing victory. They found the Atlantic Fishermen's Union to be a monopoly of fishermen manpower, found its limitation on the size of each vessel's fishing catch a conspiracy, and ordered it to halt such practices forthwith.

The superior court's verdict, the fishermen realized, was only the signal

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James Higgins, free-lance writer and the author of the NR's *recent two-part series on the Teamsters' Union, has edited a union paper and has been a union education director.*

Gordon Donald has managed a coöp grocery, done personnel research for the government and is now working for his Ph.D at the University of Chicago.

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for the resumption of a struggle they had been fighting for over 25 years. Although they are naturally taciturn (their story had never been told in print before), the fishermen's experience with the Boston newspapers has made them publicity-minded. They are beginning to realize that the success of their struggle depends on their ability to create public understanding of the curious organization of the oldest industry in American life.

Hazards and hardships

EARLY settlers along the North Atlantic Coast faced the sea rather than the forests. Fishing, not hunting, kept these settlers alive. The fishing business began as a collective, communal enterprise, in which proceeds were shared among the workers. Proceeds, at first, meant fish.

Later, when the skipper took on the job of exchanging fish for money, the crew's share of which was split equally among the hands, the system became known as the "lay." Many a captain, entitled to a larger cut than the hands, lugged his fortune ashore, bought and equipped vessels, hired crews and became a businessman. He was then able to dictate his share of the lay, his heirs continuing the dictatorship. The lay system looked like a partnership—share and share alike between owners and fishermen. But it wasn't. Shrewd owners not only determined the size of their shares, but as the years concentrated control of the industry, owner-merchants also determined the selling price of the catch. They soon discovered the lay to be a sensitive device which could be manipulated easily to depress wages and increase profits.

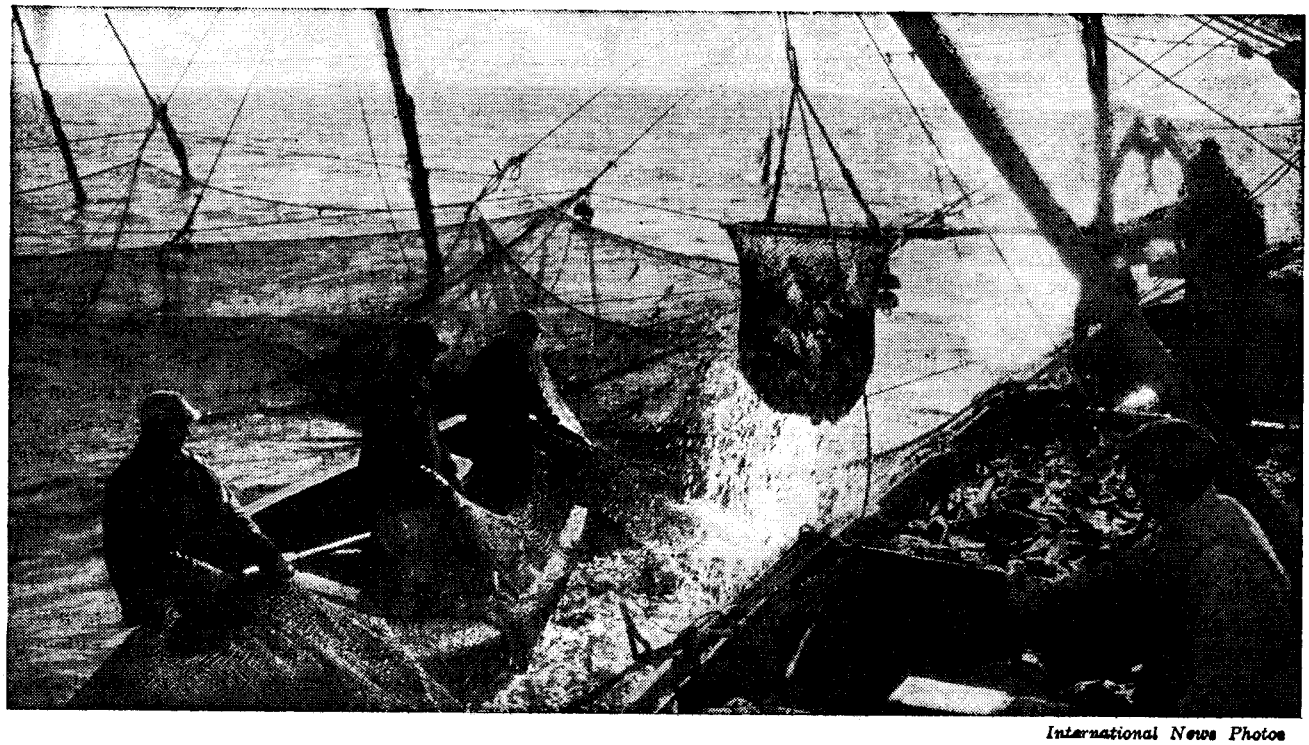
Yankees who sailed schooners to the fishing banks out of Boston, Gloucester and New Bedford, who went over the side in dories and dory-trotted all day, tending a hand line and waiting for the nightly return of the mother ship, lived an almost sleepless life of hazard and hardship. The hazard was the sea. In 100 years of Gloucester fishing history, 1,000 vessels and approximately 10,000 men were lost. The hardship was routine—a stinking forecastle, a scurvy diet, wind, wet, cold, the rugged halyard job of sailing a schooner and the lonely awkward job of handlining.

Hardship increased when the ship made port. There the vessel owner took possession of the catch, sold it secretly, toted up his figures. A lucky crew would be told that its share barely exceeded the price of the lousy groceries which the owner had put on board at the beginning of the voyage —and for which, in the tradition of the lay, the fishermen had to pay. By 1919, when schooners had given way to power-driven trawlers, when the average yearly income for Atlantic fishermen stood at about $600, when Boston fish dealers were being tried and convicted for flagrant monopoly, there was scarcely a Yankee to be found among the crews. The phony lay system had driven them from the sea. Their places were taken by Newfoundlanders and Nova Scotians. Italians, Portuguese and Icelanders followed.

The desertion of the fishing banks by sea-faring Yankees had paralleled over the course of the years the slow decline of the fish industry as a whole. Salt fish were once the principal product of the industry—but salt fish were a dull, if inexpensive, form of nourishment and the nation's taste for them faded.

Fillets to the rescue

THE first freshening breeze to hit the moribund industry whipped over the pier in the early twenties when Dana Ward, a Boston fish merchant, invented the idea of the fillet. The fillet is a simple thing—the bones and other inedible parts of the fish are removed before sale, leaving the housewife to deal only with the flesh. A little later, John C. Wheeler, a competitor, packed the fillets in a tin box which he sunk into a wooden box containing a large



International News Photos

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quantity of ice and shipped iced fish over the nation. In 1923, Clarence Birdseye of New York developed an apparatus for the quick-freezing of blocks of fillets, which he later improved so that today the equivalent of fresh fish from New England can be delivered almost anywhere in the United States. Salt fish, once 90 percent of total sales, have sunk to nine percent of the total today. Along the fish pier, in the processing plants, workers standing beside belt lines slice out the bone and muscle, leaving only pieces of raw, white fish meat to be placed on the belt-line trays and carried to the spot where they will be packaged and sealed in ice or quick-frozen for consumption any time, anywhere.

Fresh business thinking did not stop at mechanization of fish processing. Mechanization hit the high seas, too. Only the kids kicking around the wharves use hand lines nowadays. On the Western Bank, trawler crews fish with a great conical net slung astern with the aid of power winches, its mouth held wide open by rigid otter boards rigged to employ the resistance of the water as a kite does that of the air. The net is dragged along the 150 fathom surface of the bank at a speed of four knots and pulled back over the side by winches after two hours. Haddock, cod, halibut, cusk, pollack—whatever feeds on that particular ground—are emptied into deck pens. New types of seagoing trawlers powered by modern engines take Boston fishermen far beyond the fog-bound Grand Bank as far as Greenland, sometimes today as far as the coast of Iceland.

$1,000 annual wage

IN the changing fish industry, the relationship that changed last was the overcontrolled lay system. The first revolt of the fishermen against their average $15-to-$20-a-week income came in 1934. Under the leadership of the Newfoundlanders, they struck in '34 and again in '35 against the starvation wages. They got licked. They tried again in 1937, when, with the assistance of organizers from the CIO National Maritime Union, they

formed the AFU. In 1938, a series of strikes slightly modified the traditional lay and, against bitter opposition from vessel owners, won fishermen a guarantee of $25 per trip.

Twenty-five dollars per trip, at a maximum of 40 trips per year, amounted to a yearly wage of $1,000. That was in 1938; that's the kind of fact that still lies in the minds of more than 5,000 fishermen who now belong to the AFU. That's the kind of memory Pat McHugh evokes when he urges his men to hold firm.

Before 1937, the name was Captain Patrick McHugh. Now the "Captain" is obsolete, since Pat McHugh, for 10 years secretary-treasurer of the Atlantic Fishermen's Union, has been too busy on shore to go skippering a vessel. McHugh is a lean, long-jawed, Newfoundland Irishman. When Pat goes into the taproom beneath the union hall to round up members for a meeting, he drifts easily from one small group to the next, passing a few words in his melodic brogue or listening to the others in a sort of patient slouch, his hands dropped in his blue-serge pockets, his hat tipped forward as if to shade his shrewd green eyes, his spare mouth jocosely compressed.

The fellowship between McHugh and the rank-and-file fishermen goes back to the days when they sailed and suffered together. But there's more to it than that. The membership of the AFU is mostly Catholic; the faith acts as a binding agent. McHugh is practically a daily communicant. And as the father of a large family, he commands admiration from the people in the union who believe in large families.

Leader and men of the AFU have reasons for their almost incomparable union loyalty and their willful independence as a group. They were independent right from the start. Suspicious of Communist thought in the NMU, they broke away in 1939 to become a federal union directly affiliated with the AFL. About two years later they accepted a charter from the AFL Seafarers' International Union, led by the West Coast's Harry Lundeberg—but the AFU has retained its own autonomy and has made its way singlehanded.

After winning the $25-a-week guarantee in 1938, the union concentrated on the details of the lay system, putting 18 months of negotiation into the first contract signed in 1940 with a New Bedford firm. By early 1943 the men were doing all right. They had a 50-50 split in the lay. They had it down in black and white that dock fees, commission fees and bonus payments to engineers and mates were to come out of the gross stock: *i. e.,* the total sum realized from the dock auction. Skippers, who decided to join the union a few years ago, shared with the crew, but at the same time were due a slight share of the owner's cut. The cost of ice, fuel, lube oil and groceries, plus a $10 bonus to the cook, continued to be borne by the crew. The union contract, however, made it plain that when an owner furnished such things he had to post an itemized account in the forecastle.

Mechanism for poverty

STRUGGLING to make up for years of terrible loss, some fishermen in 1943 were taking home as much as $500 per ten-day trip. Prices were high, wartime demand unlimited. Some men made $6,000 a year, some captains more than $10,000. In 1946, after a five-month lockout in the port of Boston, the union won a new division of the lay—40 percent to the owner, 60 percent to the fishermen. It brought average wages to about $4,000 a year.

But an industry controlled by men whose traditions ran back beyond the depression to wages even lower than in the thirties viewed such incomes on the part of the men as being beyond reason. The large companies claimed, too, that the end of the war

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was flooding the American market with low-priced fish from Nova Scotia and Iceland, fish caught by men who worked at wages far below those of Americans. Their mechanism for meeting the situation was the auction system of the fish pier.

Say you had $350,000 and ordered yourself a modern trawler complete with 130-foot steel hull, 400-horsepower Diesel engine, ship-to-shore phone, direction finder, fathometer, electrically equipped galley, electric winches, paneled forecastles housing private lockers and mattressed bunks, a hold capable of carrying 400,000 pounds of iced fish. Say you were religious about free enterprise and figured you'd move into the Boston fish business.

You'd hire a captain and the captain would hire the crew. Your ship would make its cruising way out into the free ocean spaces over the fishing banks and in a week's time, in good season, the crew would haul aboard some 350,000 pounds of fish. Back in port you would be permitted under the rules of the Boston Fish Exchange—established in 1919 after the dealers' conviction for monopoly—to put your catch up for auction. The fish would get sold. But you'd be years realizing your investment—for the profit in fish is made, not between the hold and auction room, but in the processing between the auction room and the retail fish market. A vessel owner without space on the pier, a vessel owner who is not also a fish merchant, isn't going to profit in the fish business today. And there's no more room on the pier for outsiders who want to be fish merchants.

A pair of pressures

THE 60-some trawlers which compose the Boston fishing fleet are owned by about 20 firms. These firms are also fish merchants; at the exchange they buy fish brought in by one another's vessels. They clean, cut and package the fish in their separate stalls that are nestled in the long, three-story, warehouse-type structures built along each side of the pier. Then, as wholesale merchants, they mark the fish up three or four or more cents per pound over the dock price, and sell them to the retail market. By the time the fish reach the consumer, the price is two or three times what is paid in the auction room.

The fishermen's incomes are decided by the prices paid in the auction room. The companies' incomes come from wholesale and retail prices. The auction prices are liable to sudden drops, but the drops are not reflected in any corresponding reduction in retail prices to the consumer. The fishermen are forced to sell their catch when they land, but the fish companies have large storage facilities and can buy or sell when they please.

A reduction in auction prices therefore hurts the fishermen, but has little or no effect on the owning companies. It was this condition that led to last winter's AFU strike and its aftermath in Boston.

As the subsequent anti-union decision of the Massachusetts Superior Court portended, it will take more than the resources of union loyalty and stubbornness to maintain the standards that a decade of struggle has won the fishermen. The industry in which they work was riding high during the war; but it is now faced with sharp pressures, and the struggle resolves itself into a simple question: will the pressures act first on the fishermen's wage standard or the owners' profit margin?

The two most significant pressures are foreign competition and depletion of the fishing beds.

Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Iceland are now penetrating America's fish markets. Living standards are lower in these northern countries and fishing is government subsidized. They have kept up with American mechanization and are filling an ever-increasing share of the US market.

Depletion of the fishing beds has been brought about by the vastly expanded capacity of the mechanized fishing fleets. Reports of the US Fish and Wildlife Service show a steady decrease in the population of haddock and redfish, the first and third most important catches respectively. Trawlers must now go out two or three times as far as they did in the past; yet many of the large vessels return from their weekly trips less than half loaded.

Low wages v. regulation

OWNERS and fishermen look at these problems from sharply divergent points of view. The owners see mainly a question of competition—and one meets competition by reducing costs. In their scheme of business one of the greatest obstacles to cost reduction is the union, and with the court's decision they have won the first round in their campaign to destroy that obstacle. But, knowing they can't get cost down very fast, they are also plugging for a high tariff.

The fishermen believe that the problems of both depletion and foreign competition can be met by government regulation. They have been far more concerned about depletion than the fish companies, who until recently were apathetic or divided on the subject. They believe that there must be international regulation of the fished-out areas. Union leaders have formulated a broad program and have presented it to several government committees. The program includes safety regulations, government-sponsored research and an international treaty for the conservation of the fish supply. It also includes revision of the anti-trust laws to permit orderly marketing of fish through a coöperative which would protect the fishermen's standard of living.

The Massachusetts court decision may temporarily tilt the balance of forces in the industry against the fishermen and in favor of the merchants. But the union has not given up. One thing is certain: the men will fight long and bitterly before they see their living standard pounded down in the auction room till it is flatter than the flounders they bring in from the rolling sea.

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Books in Review

The Years Between

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY, assembled by Agnes Rogers, text by Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper and Brothers; $5).

"EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES" is the phrase that races to mind when you contemplate the task faced by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen in compiling what they call "A Family Album of the American People in the Years of Peace: 1918 to Pearl Harbor." Out of the mass of photographs, cartoons, advertisements and fashion drawings, which made the period between wars so destructive of man's remaining privacy that it became a veritable Age of the Goldfish, Miss Rogers selected 500 pictures, while her collaborator, who has been an informal historian of note since his *Only Yesterday,* tells the running story in 37,000 words. As might be expected, they have produced a fascinating book which will delight everybody and satisfy nobody. This is no criticism of the album's editors, who have managed their herculean task valiantly; it arises from the very nature of the work. With such an overwhelming accumulation of material at their disposal, their book could hardly escape being fascinating, but it is also inevitable that each reader, finding his own memories violently aroused, will recall a hundred of his favorite scenes that have been overlooked. With its wealth of material, *I Remember Distinctly* will almost literally be all things to all men. Each peruser will bring his personal history of the period to bear on it, and it will be impossible to judge it, save in the most personal fashion.

A Pulitzer Prize Novel
SO BIG
EDNA FERBER
Courage, strength – A woman's gay indomitable spirit – they are the qualities which make this one of the truly great books of this generation
1924

IT IS, for example, my profound conviction that the most moving and dramatic picture in the entire 247 pages is merely of two handcuffed men of obviously foreign extraction. For one of them is named Nicola Sacco and the other is Bartolomeo Vanzetti, and I do not see how any American can look at it without the deepest emotions and the most uncomfortable memories, even if he was not old enough on August 22, 1927, for a personal recollection of the shameful day of the electrocution of two innocent men. It was just 20 years ago that the shoemaker and the fish peddler went to their death, but that has been long enough to make the story of their trial and execution a classic national tragedy, as well as a classic national warning, of the betrayal of justice that can go with social and political hysteria, intolerance and hatred of unpopular viewpoints.

It somehow seems so clear today, even in an equivalent period of anti-radical hysteria, that the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was a monstrous miscarriage of justice that it is startling to come across Allen's calm and measured caption, with its high determination to remain judicial. "But many people," he writes, "thought they had been railroaded; the case was

1929

reinvestigated and debated everywhere; the demeanor of Vanzetti in particular was admirable and his statements most impressive; and even after the two men were at last electrocuted . . . millions believed them to have been innocent." Since that belief has become virtually unanimous among the people of the world, even so carefully impartial a wording seems almost a triumph of understatement. Ralph Pulitzer charged Heywood Broun with having "expressed his personal opinion with the utmost extravagance" when Broun wrote: "The men in Charlestown Prison are shining spirits, and Vanzetti has spoken with an eloquence not known elsewhere within our time. They are too bright, we shield our eyes and kill them. We are the dead, and in us there is not feeling nor imagination nor the terrible torment of lust for justice." But it is Broun rather than Allen who seems to express the verdict of history.

THE difficult thing about reviewing *I Remember Distinctly* is that its greatest virtue, which is its ability to stir memories and rekindle personal

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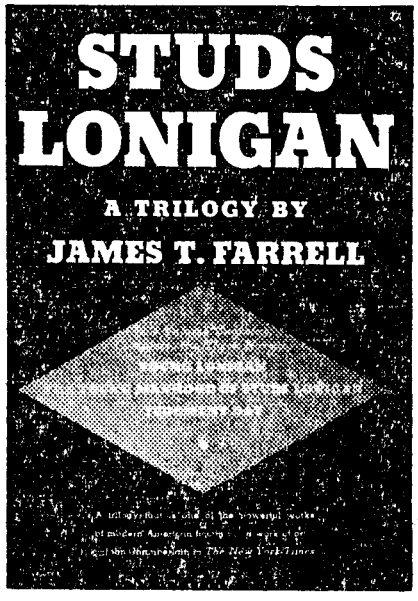
verdicts on the events it portrays, tends to make one emphasize his points of disagreement with it. The editors, in both the selections and text, are properly objective in their attitude toward political events, but, as a frankly partial observer, I could not help taking frequent issue with them. There is mention of the scandals of the Harding regime but remarkably little emphasis on them. There is no picture of Senator Thomas J. Walsh, whose greatness as an investigator didn't require the contrasting ineptness of the present Brewster and Ferguson to emphasize it, and whose exposure of Republican corruption assuredly deserves to be remembered in such a book. On the other hand, it is my impression that the editors tend to emphasize the weaknesses of the WPA, without recalling the fashion in which it changed the face of the nation by its imaginative constructive work. I suspect, too, that it is oversimplifying things even in the limited amount of text allotted to Allen to explain the departure of Raymond Moley from the first Roosevelt Brain Trust by saying that "he became disillusioned by the President's capriciousness." Clearly the new album is not intentionally partial and on many occasions it is notably objective, but there appear to be unconscious traces of bias, nevertheless.

It is with no intent to be captious



1932, 1934, 1935

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

LATE CITY EDITION

HURRICANE SWEEPS COAST; 9 ARE KILLED ON LONG ISLAND; 51 DIE IN NEW ENGLAND FLOOD

CITY IS HARD HIT | Storm Batters All New England; Providence Hit by Tidal Wave

GEN. WESTOVER DIES IN FLAMING PLANE; HEADED AIR CORPS

CZECHOSLOVAKIA DECIDES TO GIVE UP; CROWDS PROTEST, CABINET IN PERIL; CHAMBERLAIN TO DEMAND GUARANTEES

PREMIER OFF TODAY | Stalwart Czech Men Sob in Prague; People Tear Up Papers in Disgust | CZECHS ARE BITTER

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

LATE CITY EDITION

DEWEY NOMINATED BY REPUBLICANS; ATTACKS TAMMANY

HAILED IN OVATION

TORNADOES KILL 26 IN CHARLESTON; HUNDREDS INJURED

FOUR POWERS REACH A PEACEABLE AGREEMENT; GERMANS TO ENTER SUDETEN AREA TOMORROW AND WILL COMPLETE OCCUPATION IN TEN DAYS

CZECHS DEPRESSED | Text of 4-Power Accord | NAZI DEMANDS MET

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

LATE CITY EDITION

LEHMAN IS DRAFTED FOR FOURTH TERM; HE ATTACKS DEWEY

POLETTI ON TICKET

NEW DEAL A PERIL, SAYS GEN. MOSELEY; SHARPLY REBUKED

BRITAIN AND GERMANY MAKE ANTI-WAR PACT; HITLER GETS LESS THAN HIS SUDETEN DEMANDS; POLISH ULTIMATUM THREATENS ACTION TODAY

POLES READY TO ACT | Germans Begin Czech Occupation; Troops Cross Old Austrian Border | PEACE AID PLEDGED

From the book I Remember Distinctly, *Harper and Brothers*

that I go on to note how I found myself in disagreement with the new work in various non-political fields. In fact, it is one of the admirable qualities of *I Remember Distinctly* that it can be as stimulating to the reader, with his own memories of a remarkable, if in many ways repulsive, era, in its omissions as in its inclusions. For example, as a professional observer of the theatre, I was delighted to find so much space devoted to the stage, but found myself wondering, almost angrily, why there were no photographs of that finest of American dramas, "What Price Glory," or of the best of topical melodramas, "Broadway," or that most distinguished of our musical shows, "Show Boat."

As a one-time movie reviewer, I enjoyed the scenes from fine old films, but was distressed to see nothing about "The Big Parade" or von Stroheim's epoch-making "Greed" or any picture of that most delightful of screen comediennes, Jean Harlow. There were a number of other pictures I rather querulously missed. It seems to me that there should have been photographs of such varying phenomena of a perhaps racier day as the Valentino funeral, the "Black Sox" baseball scandal, the clownish pioneers of prohibition enforcement known as Izzy and Moe, and that most dangerous of gang killers, Vincent Coll, who was "the mad dog" to the press and "the mick" to the underworld that was in mortal terror of him. It is likewise my conviction that no record of the Scopes "monkey" trial in Dayton, Tennessee, is satisfying without a picture of the great defense lawyer, Clarence Darrow, and that no account of the general frenzy of the 1920's is pictorially complete without the notorious New York *Daily News* photograph of the electrocution in Sing Sing of Ruth Snyder (not "Ruth Gray" as Allen once surprisingly calls her). It just goes to show that there is the material for a dozen books the size of *I Remember Distinctly*.

EVEN a hasty leafing through the Rogers-Allen compilation brings up a hundred entertaining questions. Isn't the picture of one of those notorious dance marathons of the twenties unique in showing a man propping up his woman partner, when all experts on the subject recall vividly that it was invariably a tiny girl who was to be found holding up some collapsing great hulk of a man? Did anyone ever buy that $685,000 pearl necklace that was advertised by Black, Starr and Frost? Whatever became of Melvin

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Purvis, who, at the time of the Dillinger killing, was as publicized a G-man as J. Edgar Hoover himself? What sort of war records did those young men who were photographed swallowing goldfish have? I wonder how Robert E. Sherwood now feels about the slightly excessive praise he bestowed on *If Winter Comes* when he reviewed it for *Life?* Can it really be said that "Abie's Irish Rose" was slighted by the critics, when Alexander Woollcott praised it and an anonymous reviewer for the New York *Times* predicted a long run? Was Willie Stevens, the Hall-Mills case defendant who wanted to be a fireman, as "slow-witted" as the caption makes out? Doesn't that picture of the midget on J. P. Morgan's lap remain the photograph that, in some curious way, best symbolizes the wistful state of High Finance in the early Roosevelt days? Among other things, *I Remember Distinctly* is an album to stir the memory.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

The Fabuous State

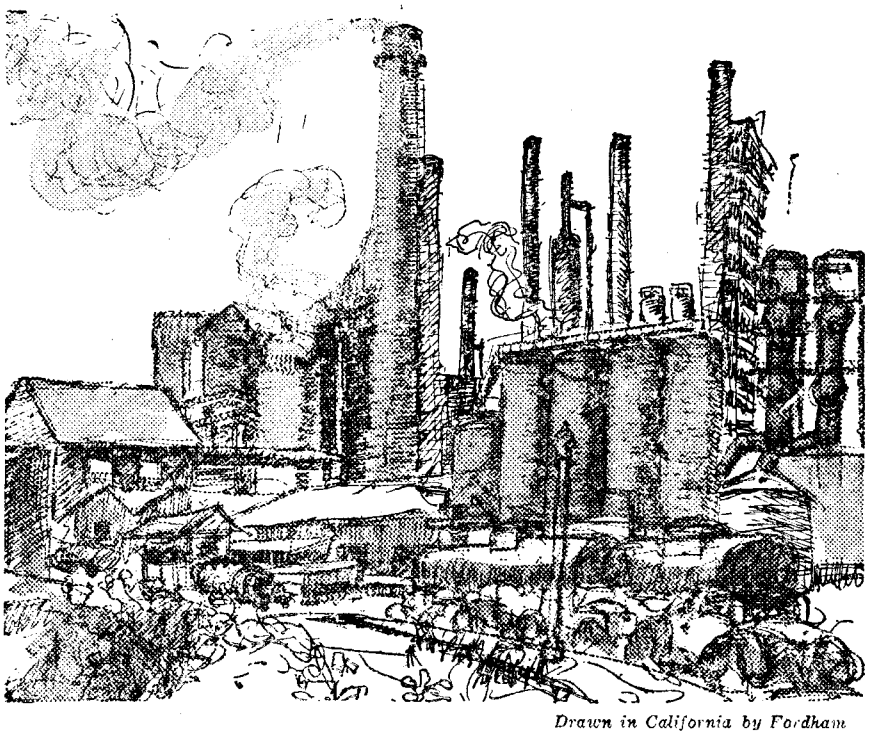
CALIFORNIA IN OUR TIME (1900-1940), by Robert Glass Cleland (Alfred A. Knopf; $4).

YES, ladies and gentlemen, a fabuous state, a really fabuous state. Politically one of the most corrupt states in the union in 1907—the legislature of that year had 83 "doormen" on the pay roll to guard three doors, and fancy ladies were imported from San Francisco to serve as "clerks" for senate committees—it gave birth three years later to one of the most progressive reform movements ever seen in the United States. With a powerful and militant trade-union movement almost as old as the state itself, California has spawned more vigilante pick-and-axe brigades and has had more labor frame-ups than any other state. Boasting a truly prodigious agricultural productivity—the production of rice jumped from 70,000 bushels in 1912 to nine million bushels in 1919 (a ten-thousandfold increase in a decade!)—it has callously permitted tens of thousands of agricultural workers to exist on a less-than-subsistence level since the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Faced with dozens of similar contradictions, most observers have quickly thrown in the towel and sponge. California is "screwy"; "it doesn't add up"; "there's something funny about it." Actually, the contradictions and extravagances are expressions of a peculiar set of social dynamics. California, a "frontier" state, entered the Union as a millionaire: from 1850 to 1865 the average annual output of gold was $50 million. The discovery of gold made it possible for California to skip the territorial phase altogether and to be admitted directly to the Union. Its institutions were improvised then—being imperfectly adapted and feebly rooted—and they have been largely improvised ever since.

For California has been discovering "gold" since 1848: the green gold of its lettuce fields, the black gold of its oil wells, the gold of tourist trains and of motion pictures. Throughout its history, the wealth-discovering process has been like a chain reaction; each new discovery set off a dozen related developments. This peculiar dynamic has permitted it to skip all sorts of disciplines. Basically this is the explanation for the violence of its labor history. Like the other Western states, California skipped the intermediate evolutionary steps in industrial relations. In 1849, the well organized carpenters and joiners in San Francisco struck for wages of $12 a day, and when the strike was finally settled, they were granted $13 a day. In almost every phase of its fascinating social history, the same peculiar dynamic can be found. California is the adolescent who struck it rich, kept on striking it rich, and never had time to grow up. Psychologically and sociologically, the history of California is the history of the gold rush that never stopped.

UNFORTUNATELY Dr. Cleland's latest volume, which deals with the period from 1900 to 1940, lacks the uniform excellence of his *From Wilderness to Empire,* which dealt with the earlier period. The chapters devoted to the graft prosecutions in San Francisco and the reform movement associated with the name of Hiram Johnson are absolutely first-rate. Cleland is the first historian to trace the history of this movement and to debunk the Johnson myth. Appearing in print for the first time, much of this material is genuinely illumi-



Drawn in California by Fordham

THE NEW CALIFORNIA

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nating. For it demonstrates clearly enough that Johnson was born and died a Judas. Entering the race for Governor in 1910 with "an effect of peevish martyrdom," he rode to power on a movement which others had organized. By 1916 he had not only betrayed this movement but had double-crossed, not once but several times, the men whose energies had called it into being. Revealing and incisive, these chapters are quite indispensable to a knowledge of California politics. The chapters devoted to the McNamara and Mooney cases are carefully organized and scrupulously fair, as are those which tell the story of the Epic Movement and the pension-plan schemes of the thirties. Economic developments for the period are solidly blocked in, although the handling of this material is somewhat unimaginative. Hewing to the facts, Cleland too often shows an unreasoning fear of generalization.

In dealing with the racial and other minorities, whose history looms so large in this century, Cleland has permitted the traditional point of view to place blinders on his insight and shackles on his understanding. For, by clear implication, he reads the history of California as an extension and fulfillment of Anglo-Saxon culture and institutions. A ten-thousandfold increase in the rice crop in a decade, he writes, "is too sudden and too great to be either fully understood or appreciated." But it can be easily understood and thoroughly appreciated if one understands and appreciates the cultural contributions of Japanese immigrants in California. Despite a manful effort to see the picture whole, these sections are colored by the racial and cultural myths that have long prevailed in California.

CAREFULLY entitled "a preface," the chapter on California literature is full of echoes and traditional evaluations. Even in "a preface," the omissions are glaring. A chapter that devotes two paragraphs to Kathleen Norris and omits mention of such a fine craftsman and stylist as Clarkson Crane condemns itself. Nor is this inadequacy limited to the modern phase. *Ramona,* for example, hardly belongs on the same shelf with J. Ross Browne's extremely amusing and penetrating essay on "The Indians of California," first published in 1864. And if John Rollin Ridge warrants a paragraph, the inimitable Horace Bell (who wrote the *Reminiscences of a Ranger*) certainly deserves a line.

The gold rush is still on and California continues to make history. "O panther of the splendid hide," wrote Bayard Taylor nearly a century ago, "how are thou conquered, tanned in all the pride of savage beauty still; How brought . . . to know thy master's will!" From where I sit, this panther "on its tawny hills" has been neither tamed nor conquered; nor does it yet have a master. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Carey McWilliams is a lawyer and writer and a lifelong resident of California. His most recent book is Southern California Country, *published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.*

Worth Reprinting

A SOUTHERN VANGUARD, edited by Allen Tate (Prentice-Hall; $4.50).

DUSTY ANSWER, by Rosamond Lehmann (Reynal and Hitchcock; $2.50).

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ, by Rosamond Lehmann (Reynal and Hitchcock; $2.50).

A SOUTHERN VANGUARD" is an anthology of stories, poems, and critical essays which were submitted in the John Peale Bishop Memorial Literary Prize Contest conducted in 1945 by the *Sewanee Review* and Prentice-Hall. In addition are a poem and essay by Bishop, to whose memory the book is dedicated.

The book doesn't "represent" anything in particular. "Southern" doesn't mean Southern writers, since a number of the essays are written by non-Southerners on appropriate subjects. Also, for anything like completeness, many essential writers are missing. Neither does it mean a book about the South, for although a number of the stories are situated there, no such silly restriction was placed on the subject matter of the fiction and poetry. However, as a "Vanguard," the book does display a number of writers who have not yet published books, but who might be expected to count among the Southern talent of the next few years.

The essays are literary criticism, for the most part, and include studies of Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Eudora Welty and Robert Penn Warren. But Louis B. Wright and Robert B. Heilman examine the misconceptions in the Southern legend and the history and nature of the conventional attitude towards the Southern States. Herbert Marshall McLuhan traces the history of the Southern order from its classical and European origins, and analyzes the conflict between the Southern and New England mentality and intellectual tradition. But through most of the essays, various as they are in content and point of view, there recur certain leading ideas which may be outlined, with apology for necessary simplification.

First of all, it is apparent that the South is practically unknown to people who don't live there, at the same time that it is the object of more furious controversy than any other section of America. The public's ignorance has been preserved by a large body of misconception (which Wright calls "myth") and the public's opinion has been sanctioned by a kind of moral indignation of the Abolitionist variety which apparently compensates for distortion of fact and justifies any excess of prejudice. Actually the very degree of interest which non-Southerners have always felt for the South is evidence of its difference from the rest of the nation. Whatever the Civil War proved, the South is, or until recently was, a different country.

IN his essay, McLuhan contrasts what he calls the "Southern Quality" with the only alternative this country possesses, the New England tradition. In the Southern order, he says, there was a "justified insistence on direct connection with the taproot of classical humanism and Ciceronian *humanitas* and eloquence." This promoted a form of education that included the "full gentlemanly code of honor, dignity, and courtesy," inherited from medieval chivalry and preserved in the South's agrarian and aristocratic society as it could never be in commercial and in-

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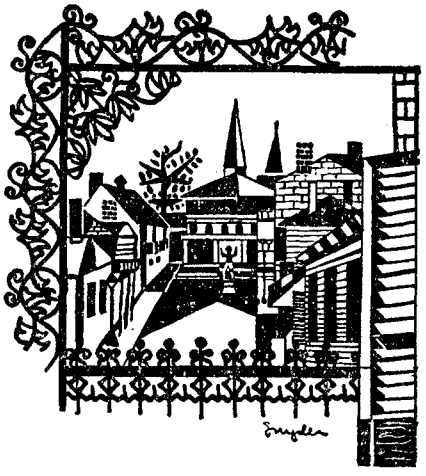

dustrial middle-class communities. The gain for the South was in "the universal acceptance of a passionate view of life" in contrast with the calculated and methodical views of Northern manufacturers and storekeepers. As the distinction is cleverly phrased: "The chivalric South wanted the whole horse, whereas the North only wanted to abstract the horsepower from the horse." This contrast, of course, suggesting an alternative to industrial society, is one of the most persuasive factors in the revival, during the last few years, of an interest in the Southern order.

The backward glance, however, is no mere hankering for crinolines and wide verandas. It may be urged that the South's sense of its own past is a nostalgia for an ideal which was destroyed so suddenly that it has survived as an imaginative whole, preserved like those buried towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In his essay on Faulkner, Malcolm Cowley says of him: "Seeing little hope for the future, he turns to the past, where he hopes to discover a legendary and recurrent pattern." But a sense of the past is a sense of history, and perhaps a sense of order. Of this, Cowley says: "The old order was a moral order: that was its strength." By extension, it might be said that the strength of the South is that it demonstrated the only "moral order" which ever prevailed in this country at the level of community life. This was possible, of course, because society was stable, and society could be conscious of it, and reflect on it, by the ever-present contrast of the Northern experiment, and always in the "recurrent pattern" of the seasons.

This is the basis of the South's conservatism, and to those enthusiastic reformers who think that its complex social problem can be solved by peremptory legislation, Wright suggests a warning. To any radical pressure, he says, the liberal element of the Southern white population will be forced to close ranks with the "poor whites," the Negro's traditional and bitter foe. Already, he says gloomily, "every third novelist has become an authority on . . . the South" in a "literary crusade . . . not unlike that conducted by Abolition writers," and has "so stirred emotions that there is less likelihood of understanding between North and South today than at any time since Reconstruction."

THE two of her novels reissued this year sufficiently explain the large reputation of Rosamond Lehmann in this country and in England. *Dusty Answer* is her first and *Invitation to the Waltz* her third novel. Though the last is a slight book, as volumes go, both are too long. That is, almost every scene is dragged out beyond its effectiveness until one realizes that Miss Lehmann simply enjoys writing this sort of thing, and presumably her readers love her for dishing it up.

Her subjects are young people from the English upper middle class, mostly girls. If not actually beautiful, these girls have striking features (hair, perhaps, or eyes, or figure), display an acute sensitivity to their surroundings, and an aptitude for conversational subtleties. They make nice recipients for original birthday gifts or other mementos. They moon around, as girls will, in a spirit derived from an early misreading of Christina Rossetti. They take, on the whole, the tragic view: when a rabbit is shot, "her mind grew black again with formless and colossal conceptions of torture, murder, lust."

On the other hand, they enjoy the stability of a world entirely to their liking, where dowagers move "serenely, unassailably . . . a place where one's sons didn't drink too much or one's guests overstep the bounds of permissible eccentricity by crude anti-social displays of hostility." Love is sometimes tragic, but otherwise human relations are untroubled: "This was what real people were like after all, just as she had always imagined; not sinister, inexplicable, but friendly and simple, accepting one pleasantly, with humor but without malice, without condescension, criticism or caresses." Again: "I expect he's frightfully nice really. Most people are." Well may they think so; I can find only two people who aren't, one for each book. Mabel is a student at Cambridge. "Presumably she was kind and well meaning, but her skin was greasy and pink was not her color; and her lank hair smelt; and when she talked she spat." The other is a young man at a dance who can't dance. He claims to be a poet. "He had queer eyes . . . with a slight cast. . . . He blinked and jerked . . . his skull so shallow and flat." These gauche characters just don't know the rules of the game; they betray uneasiness; they presume. And each is the single character in the two novels who doesn't belong to the world where the "frightfully nice" move "unassailably."

Miss Lehmann is not an original writer. She can neither create character nor invent incident. She has no particular awareness of the physical world, no sense of the inexplicable in character nor of the anomalous in human predicaments. To the tragic and the farcical, she is alike indifferent. She lacks the critical habit. Nor is hers the happy phrase or shrewd observation.

She is a mimic. That is her gift, but her curse also. For she is at the mercy of her subject and, incapable of irony, absolutely identified with it. When she is writing of something familiar and relatively objective, like a girls' college at Cambridge, her luck holds and her work is at its best. Often she catches the exact phrase and accent of speech. The minutiae of domestic arrangements are noted convincingly. But too frequently she bogs in mere snobbish imitation of the good manners of a class of people she admires. And even more often her writing is the guileless reflection of her own reading.

But for a change of tone and a note of praise, it might be observed, in closing, that four of her five novels have been book-club selections.

JOHN FARRELLY

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Farm

Japanese Land Reforms

LAND reforms getting under way in Japan, if put into full effect, will eliminate large-scale and absentee land ownership. If the new law, passed by the Japanese Diet last October, is completely carried out, it will go far toward relieving the plight of Japanese tenant-farmers, who comprise 68 percent of the farm operators.

Previously the Diet had submitted land-reform proposals to the American Military Government, but they were turned down because they did not do away with large-scale absentee ownership. Some experts in the Department of Agriculture who have just returned from Japan, where they assisted and advised the Army on agricultural matters, told me it is generally felt that nothing short of the new, drastic program would alleviate the situation. Under the present system, most Japanese farmers are exploited by landlords almost to the point of starvation.

The new law calls for the sale of all absentee-owned land to the government, which will then resell the land in small plots to tenant-farmers. A landlord may retain land to the amount of three cho (7.5 acres), or even more if his family does all the labor. The purpose of the plan is to encourage efficient family-size farming.

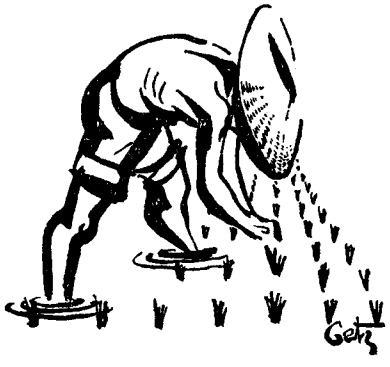
It is estimated that the program will supply enough land to make farm owners of 80 percent of the tenants. In all, there are about 5.5 million Japanese farm families.

Scarcity of land will still be a big problem. The land shortage and the production of rice are the dominating facts of Japanese agriculture. Although Japan has a population of 78 million, there are only 15 million acres of arable land. Steep slopes have been put into cultivation and it is doubtful if more than a million or so additional acres can be farmed even with the expenditure of vast amounts of labor. The Japanese farmer ignores the point of diminishing returns. He and his family put in additional amounts of labor even though the production increase is very small.

In Japan, land has been brought into cultivation regardless of the cost involved. For example, the Japanese government spent 470 yen per tan (one-fourth of an acre) on a forest area valued at 40 yen per tan, and in many instances much more has been spent on "paddy" land (irrigated) than it was worth. No cost has been spared to prevent erosion because it was felt that unchecked soil erosion would be a national disaster.

Although only 40 percent of the people live on the land, Japan could not exist without producing most of her own food. It has been the hope of some Japanese that the country might become self-sufficient but in spite of great production increase, in the thirties Japan imported around four billion pounds of rice a year (annual production varied from 19 to 22 billion pounds).

Almost all of the work on Japanese farms is done by hand. There are relatively few farm animals and practically no tractors in Japan. Frequently the Japanese farmer must carry soil on his back for a great distance. An enormous amount of labor is required to prepare ground for an irrigated rice crop. First, the farmer must remove the topsoil and make the plot perfectly level so the water will be at a uniform depth. He must frequently build an embankment or terrace and a retaining wall. He must tap the subsoil down tightly so that the water will not run through and then he must redistribute the topsoil.



Fertilization is also an important part of Japanese farming. It is chiefly by fertilization that Japanese farmers have achieved the per-acre rice production of 75 bushels, more than 50 percent greater than the per-acre production in the US. The rice crop itself requires a great deal of labor. The seed must be planted in a seedbed and later each plant must be transplanted by hand to the field. After the rice reaches a certain height, the irrigation water is drained off so it will mature.

Before the war the Japanese tenant-farmers experienced severe food shortages in bad crop years. During such times he faced starvation and eviction. Rents normally amounted to more than 50 percent of the crop. Besides paying his rent, the tenant farmer must buy his fertilizer, his seed and equipment, and supply his own buildings. The result of such an oppressive land system has been discontent, strikes and revolts against the landlords. Land reforms were tried in the twenties, but they were ineffective because the government, in order to please the landlords, did not get at the root of the trouble.

THE landlords, of course, are bitterly against the present reforms and are doing everything to delay them. They say that the tenants do not want to buy land, that they are happy and should not be coerced into becoming landowners. This attitude is shared by the Hommas, one of the great landowning families of Japan, who were interviewed by a USDA man recently. The members of this family own about 4,000 acres and take great pride in the fact that they have never pushed a tenant off the land to get a higher rent. Although a Homma contract is better than the average, taking only 40 percent of the crop, it demands a co-signer who must guarantee that the tenant will carry out his obligations to the landlord.

The Hommas in particular dislike the fact that the landlords will not be

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in control of the local land commission and also complain that the price of 750 yen per tan for paddy and 465 yen per tan for upland is far too low. They want the whole thing to be voluntary, saying that the tenant should negotiate directly with the landlord and that the price should be settled according to the law of supply and demand. They also point out that they sold 576 acres of land to tenants in the twenties and say it was no fault of theirs that they had to take it back. The Hommas, whose ancestors started with about 30 cho 250 years ago, have obtained most of their present holdings by buying from small landlords in times of famine.

THE present plan is quite in contrast to the Hommas' idea that they should be in control. The reform is to be carried out by local land commissions, each composed of five tenants, two landowner cultivators and three landowners. There would also be regional commissions composed of 10 tenants, four owner cultivators and six landlords, selected from the local commissions.

Landlords are to be compensated in government bonds which will mature in 24 years. Tenants must pay for the land they buy in 30 years and pay 3.2 percent. But the payment must not exceed one-third of the value of the crop in any year and the government has the power under the law to lower payments still further. A tenant may not sell his land and make a profit. If he sells, he must sell to the government for the same price he paid.

Land which is not sold and which continues to be rented (it is estimated that about 20 percent of Japanese tenants will continue as such even after the reform) is subject to strict regulations. Rents are limited to 25 percent and all contracts must be written in clear language.

While there are no doubt some weaknesses in the plan, and while landlords like the Hommas feel that it undermines the whole economy of agriculture, the reform is a distinct advance from the old, exploitative land system.

ANGUS MCDONALD

Movies

La Mome Piaf

PARIS (August 10).—She's small and plain, sad-faced, pale. She hides her stemlike arms behind her rounded back. Sometimes those thin arms swing forward, briefly, and then sensitive hands mark the rhythm of her song, only to dart back into hiding, shyly, like frightened sparrows. That's her name—sparrow—Piaf, Edith Piaf. She's the street singer of sad songs, the waif, "la môme." Her film, "Etoile sans Lumière," has now been exported to the United States.

It was Maurice Chevalier who named her "môme" the first night she sang at a cabaret. "Elle en a plein le ventre, la môme," Maurice applauded—"That kid has what it takes." La Môme Piaf was launched as a star.

Piaf came into this world one bleak morning in December in the year 1916, born in the street with two policemen as midwives. It was in the Rue de Belleville, the Flatbush of Paris. At the age of two she went blind.

Then a miracle: her grandmother took her to Lisieux and prayed to Sainte Thérèse to restore the infant's sight. Five days later Edith cried out in fright and pain as the world took form in her new eyes. At that moment her father remembered his baby girl and turned up to claim her. He was an acrobat with an itinerant circus.

She left her father at 15 to earn an independent life as a street singer in Paris. She strolled the grand boulevards and sang her little songs in a big, haunting voice, passed her beret for the few francs each café audience offered. One night a man came over to her and instead of offering money, asked her if she would like to sing in a cabaret. Just a few nights later Piaf became "la môme," the street kid who had what it takes."

Life is rarely like a musical-comedy book that comes out fine in the end. But Piaf's life story is a rare exception. She's the ugly duckling who became a great star. Another rare exception is the moving picture, "Etoile sans Lumière," in which she stars. It's a movie with a sad ending, the story of a poor girl who tries to become a star and fails.

"Etoile sans Lumière" is an unpretentious, thoroughly delightful, human story, an excellent vehicle in which to meet Edith Piaf for the first time, or, if she is an old friend, a surprise package that presents La Môme as a first-rate comedienne in the classic meaning of the word.

THE story is simple, credible and the direction is sure, clean and unobtrusive: silent-picture stars are suddenly bowled over by the advent of the talkies.

A great star, Stella Dora, has no voice. But her director finds a simple country girl, Madeleine, a servant in a provincial auberge. Neither pretty nor bright, Madeleine has a lovely voice.

Stella's career is saved by Madeleine's voice. Great success, everything fine, both ladies happy. Then the star dies. Madeleine's big moment has come. Does she step right up and make good in her own name, the obscure Cinderella? In 99 out of 100 flickers she does. But not in "Etoile sans Lumière." Madeline is still ugly, still not so bright. A simple, country girl with a husky voice, she flops badly, goes back to the humble anonymity from which she had come.

It rings true and the poignancy of Piaf's performance is bittersweet.

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There are scenes you will remember for a long time. I saw the picture here in Paris in April, 1946, but I can still see Madeleine hearing her own voice for the first time, and the sensitive camera work that contrasts the big Piaf voice in the sound booth with the insignificant Piaf body outside at the studio microphone.

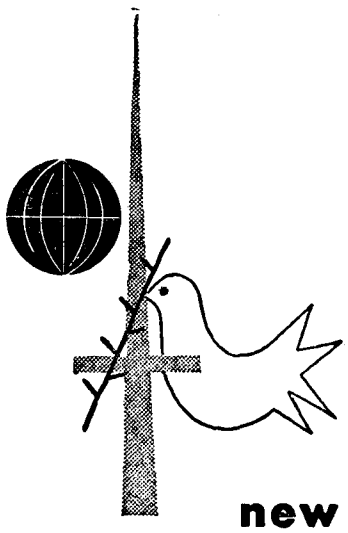
THERE are two excellent songs, "Adieu mon Coeur" and "Le Chant du Pirate." The Pirate song is Piaf's voice at its best, but neither song is typical Piaf fare. A Piaf song is something very special and belongs in the music hall, the cabaret or the street from which she comes. In recent seasons, Piaf has been starring in the "champagne-compulsory" night clubs, but the music halls do not forget her, nor let her forget them. Every year, for weeks at a time, Piaf returns to the boulevards from which she sprang.

She has an inexhaustible repertoire of favorites and her faithful public knows them all, demands them by name and is never satisfied unless she sings at least 10 of them. Used to American night clubs where glamorous beauties favor the audience with three songs, I was amazed the first time I heard Piaf in the Avenue Wagram music hall. She presented a progam of five songs and did six encores. Each song is a story in music, twice as long as the average American popular tune, and Piaf's frail frame hardly seems up to the tremendous test of her "turn."

She is the particular favorite of the midinette, the charwoman, the poor student, the factory worker, the millions of pale, thin girls who live gray, toil-worn lives. Piaf is each one of them. When "La Môme" sings of her cold-water flat, her "cracked walls and gondola bed," she is moaning for all of them. When Piaf finds a lover who holds her in his arms and turns her miserable room into a palace, you can hear the sighs of happiness from the crowded music hall as each Parisienne finds escape with Piaf.

She stands on a big, empty stage, trapped in a cruel, white spotlight. Her hair has no chic coiffure. She wears no lipstick, no nail polish. She is frankly homely, round-shouldered and awkward. Then she tosses her head back in a moment of defiance, and starts to sing. Her voice is rich, deep, throbbing. Its range is narrow but capable of brilliant color. And when Piaf hits the climax of tragedy or sudden joy, an inner beauty lights her wan face, her body trembles with emotion and you quiver with the excitement she sends across the stage boards.

French Columbia and Polydor have recorded some of her best numbers, including the songs of the picture "Etoile sans Lumière." DAVID SCHOENBRUN



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Music

Koussevitzky's Dream

THE Berkshire Festival, which recently completed its tenth season, has become one of America's healthiest musical institutions. One record-breaking Saturday night, more than 14,000 people, from Lenox aristocrats in Bergdorf Goodman frocks and white suits to girls in dungarees and men in T-shirts, came to Tanglewood to hear Serge Koussevitzky conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in an all-Beethoven program. From 9,000 to 13,000, depending on the weather, attended the other nine Boston Symphony concerts. Any night you could easily spot licenses from a dozen states near your own car in the huge parking lot.

When Koussevitzky started the Berkshire Festival 10 years ago, we were told that he dreamed of making it an American Salzburg. The tone of chi-chi implied by that description no longer colors anyone's thoughts. Tanglewood has grown spontaneously into a center so thoroughly American that any mention of its Americanism seems beside the point. The people have taken it over, particularly the thousands who stretch out comfortably on the lawn behind the 6,000 who have paid extra to sit on hard little camp chairs inside the music shed. The Tanglewood audience makes itself as much at home as a summer-evening crowd in Central Park. Yet everyone comes to listen, and everyone respects the music.

There have been three phases in Koussevitzky's master plan for Tanglewood. First, he established summer concerts by his orchestra, both to extend the best music into the vacation area and to provide additional work for his players. In the first two seasons the concerts were given in relatively simple surroundings near Stockbridge.

The second phase of the plan was realized when the festival acquired a permanent home by being given the present beautiful grounds near Lenox, Massachusetts, overlooking the Stockbridge Bowl and the Taconic mountains beyond. Money was raised to construct three buildings from designs by Eliel Saarinen—the big music shed, shaped like a wedge of pie, and smaller halls for stage productions and chamber music.

The aspect of the plan closest to Koussevitzky's heart, however, was the formation, just before the war, of the Berkshire Music Center. With this school, which he directs with the assistance of Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein, Koussevitzky is endeavoring to strike a new level of summer musical education, with intensive and expert training in performance, theory and composition. With discernment and artistic integrity, he has brought together a faculty of high-ranking composers and practical musicians who also know how to teach.

As if to prove that his seventy-third birthday was of no consequence, Koussevitzky conducted the four concerts I heard with a vigor and inspirational quality unusual even for him. Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" symphony gained greater structural cohesiveness than he had given it before, without sacrificing any of its flamboyant orchestral theatricalism. In the course of a complete cycle of the Beethoven symphonies he gave the fourth symphony a symmetry and an eloquence that were close to perfection. The ninth symphony, with the choral finale for once raised to its full magnificence by Robert Shaw's remarkable student chorus, had taken on a new and less mannered character in Koussevitzky's mind, and the music gave that wonderful and rare sense of coming to life for the first time. No less remarkable in its way was Leonard Bernstein's conducting of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," so urgent in rhythmic power and so clear in articulation that it may be a long time before we hear the work played this well again.

The daily student programs covered an immense range of music, new and old, and though supported by much smaller audiences, were in their way as valuable as the Boston Symphony concerts. A unique project was the first American production of Mozart's opera "Indomeneo." The vagaries of a complicated plot and the lack of printed parts of the music have kept this touching and supremely melodious score out of the ordinary operatic repertory. Boris Goldovsky, head of the opera department at the Berkshire Music Center, painstakingly and intelligently prepared the performing version that was used at Tanglewood.

NEW RECORDS.—Both those who missed Koussevitzky's Bach concert at Tanglewood and those who heard it will take pleasure in the Boston Symphony album of Bach's second (B-minor) and third (D-major) orchestral suites (Victor M-1123, five 12-inch records; $5.85). While purists can readily find much that is unorthodox in Koussevitzky's tempo and phrasing, the second suite glories in the incomparable flute playing of Georges Laurent, and the third in the melting string tone given to the famous air. . . . Schumann's fourth symphony, in a version of Eugene Goossens and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra (Victor M-1124, three 12-inch records; $3.85), moves from a lame start to excellent third and fourth movements, and the orchestra has the sturdy body of German-sounding tone that is right for Schumann's music.

CECIL SMITH

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

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United Nations News

Good Offices

IT WAS reasonable, and fortunate, that the Indonesian Republic should have refused the "good offices" of the United States to settle the dispute between the Netherlands and Indonesia. Reasonable because the Indonesians are justified in suspecting the impartiality of the US; fortunate because the US, the Netherlands and their supporters must now take the responsibility for any further evasion of the issue confronting them in the Security Council.

The United States offer of "good offices" is probably one of the most confusing statements which has ever come out of our State Department. It was clearly intended to pass over the Indonesian crisis as of little international significance and even less interest to the Security Council. The Australian delegate, Colonel W. R. Hodgson, has made that attempt a matter for Council concern. "There is a great deal of confusion, to my mind, about this question of good offices," he announced bluntly. "It has been stated widely that the Republic of Indonesia has rejected the United States offer of mediation. With all respect to the United States we have made inquiries in Washington, in Canberra and in Batavia as to what these good offices mean. And we cannot yet get a clear answer, because we are told it does not mean mediation in any form; it does not mean negotiation in any form; it does not mean taking steps to promote a lasting settlement. It means simply, as far as we can understand, to bring the parties together. They were together and negotiating up to three weeks ago. . . . It is clear that something more than good offices is necessary. . . ."

As the situation now stands, the Council has passed a cease-fire order, which both sides are ignoring. The longer the Council delays on the Australian proposal to establish a Security Council investigating commission, the less chance there is that it will be established. Under the circumstances, many Council members fear the UN has already gone too far. Both Hodgson and Gromyko are hoping for final action before this feeling of fear can solidify and induce inertia.

The Western powers have been supported by the Chinese delegate, T. F. Tsiang, whose amendments to the Australian proposal envision Council inquiry as a last and probably unnecessary method of settlement. China would have the career consuls in Batavia issue a report (it is not clear to whom) and supervise the cease-fire order. The Council would be informed of their action but would not necessarily be responsible for settlement. The proposal leaves China lined up with the US, Britain and France against her Far Eastern neighbors in Indonesia.

UNLESS there is speedy action, something like the Chinese proposal may pass the Council. Certainly the personality and precise legal mind of Eelco van Kleffens, Dutch Ambassador to the US and former representative to the Security Council, must be taken into consideration. Van Kleffens sits quietly with the arc lights above the Council table playing on his bald head, making the same legal point he has made whenever the Indonesian situation has been mentioned: that the UN has no legal right to meddle in affairs concerning the Netherlands and Indonesia since these are internal affairs beyond the scope of the UN. The Indonesian question was one of the first ever considered by the Council, although at that time it concerned the use of British troops, and some Japanese, against the native population. Van Kleffens considered that case based on unfounded charges, and some months after the Council had dropped it he remarked that, in retrospect, he considered it "just one more of those tiresome, unreal charges brought before the Security Council

HENRY WALLACE

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simply as a political move and not as a genuine case in the light of the Charter."

NOTES. – Many UN officials consider illegal the agreements passed by the Economic and Social Council which admit the World Bank and the Monetary Fund into the UN as specialized agencies. Finn Moe, Norwegian delegate to the Council, charged that they were illegal agreements because they give the Bank and the Fund complete independence coupled with UN sponsorship. The agencies make their own budgets, carry out their own activities and make their own decisions. "I do not know of any country in the world where the government departments decide their own budgets, and that should not be the case in international matters either," Moe said. UN officials who agree with him say that either the agreements must be nullified or the Charter must be amended. Otherwise the power of the Economic and Social Council over all specialized agencies will be destroyed.

The Economic and Social Council suffered a severe case of shock when Thorsten Odhe, of the International Coöperative Alliance, proposed an international authority for the control and allocation of oil—beginning with oil in the Middle East. "Conflicts over oil . . . may well be expected to burst into flames. . . ." he said. "Equal access to oil stocks" is the only solution. Led by the US and Britain, the Council killed the proposal by "taking note" of it. The Soviet Union abstained. USSR reasoning, according to UN officials, is based on the fear of revealing any figures on raw materials. Soviet citizens who reveal such information are severely penalized under Russian law. All attempts to establish a raw-material information center within the United Nations have been met by firm Soviet opposition. Best guess is that Russia is unwilling to let the rest of the world know how painfully short of raw materials she is, since admission of economic weakness might undermine her political position as one of the great powers.

JANE BEDELL

Radio

Oboler on Reading

During Saul Carson's vacation, his radio section is being written by guest columnists expert in various branches of the radio industry. The guest contributor this week is Arch Oboler, one of radio's foremost writers, producers, directors.

THERE is a need for some guideposts on how to *read* radio. Of course, there is still plenty to be said about how to listen. When one considers the enormous amount of material broadcast each day, with its tremendous potential for the people, the lack of critical radio evaluation is appalling. Undoubtedly this lack is one of the bases for the absence of any self-discipline on radio's part beyond the how-many-listeners-per-dollar estimates of door-to-door and telephone surveys. The newspapers' inherent suspicion of radio's competition for the advertising dollar has, over the years, curtailed the space given to radio to such an extent that the reviewing of radio shows, other than in a few metropolitan newspapers, hardly exists. Present company and the trade papers excepted, the only appraisal of radio comes from a handful of these metropolitan-newspaper radio editors.

But even though some of the slack has been taken up more recently in regard to the review of radio as a listenable product, its evaluation as reading matter still needs helpful hints. This is particularly true now, since more and more radio plays are being given permanence between book covers.

The first premise that the reader must accept is that the radio play is a separate entity. It requires a greater personal participation of the reader than any other form of literature. The poem, the novel, the short story and the play written for the theatre are what they are within a familiar form; the mature radio play, on the other hand, asks for mental imagery from the listener—as great, or greater, than

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ARCH OBOLER

was required by the silent motion picture.

The radio drama is, primarily, a blueprint which the director, with the actors and sound effects and music, hopefully tries to integrate into an artistic unity. Directorial values, sound effects and musical score are closely interwoven with the playwright's effort. To judge the radio play only by one of the elements—the printed word—is as ridiculous as it would be to judge the true merit of a sound motion picture by its shooting script.

In discussing a collection of "best" films, John Paxton recently stated: "The fact that some of them sound better on paper than others is a trap. It can lead to academic foolishness. It can lead . . . to the inclusion of . . . plays just because they read well. . . ." His words apply even more definitely to a radio-play collection. In the prefatory note to one of my printed radio plays, "The Visitor From Hades," I had cautioned the reader to bear in mind the *how* of reading that drama, because it "must be taken in the manner in which it was written. It is a bare play—a few words surrounding a stark situation. But if, as you read, you realize that the key to the story is the terrible brooding silence in which the characters wait and in which their occasional words are small tense whispers in the emptiness—you will have read 'The Visitor From Hades' as I wrote it."

Another trap for the reader of the radio play is the tradition, established by critics of the printed stage play, that the poetic drama is somehow more important than the prose play. From Aeschylus to Shakespeare to Anderson, it is the play told through the figuration of poetry which, to put it in the usual phrase, "reads best."

And so in radio. If the reader concerns himself only with the printed word, what reads best becomes to him the best play. That's why we find that, in most of the evaluations by non-radio critics of radio drama, the poetic form leads all the rest.

YET, as the student of radio drama who goes beyond the written word knows, some of the most effective radio works have been in the prose form. Holcombs' "Skyscraper" and Reis's "Meridian 7-1212," two of the plays which have had great acceptance on the air, do not read well; the eye sees only a pale reflection of what, when heard in its own medium, becomes 30 minutes of exciting, image-provoking, emotion-arousing drama.

The critic of the printed radio play, then, must be a radio listener versed in the listening idiom. He must be as well acquainted with the mechanics of radio and the meaning of the radio terms and directions, which make up a large part of the printed radio drama, as is the critic of the literature of theatre with the business of the theatre.

In his evaluations, also, he must understand that the literature of broadcasting, in the last few years, has proudly been an ephemeral sort of literature—simply because of the radio playwright's sense of personal responsibility to his world of today.

Above all, the reader must actually *listen* to radio plays. Beyond the life-can-be-huckstering soap operas, radio occasionally has its own literature, if one goes to the trouble of dialing. Without the knowledge of approach gained by that constant listening, the critic can only read the printed radio play with the ignorance of unused senses.

ARCH OBOLER

The Labor column is omitted because of the illness of Willard Shelton. The section will be resumed on Shelton's recovery.—THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Fear in the Post Office

SIR: I have just read your article entitled, "The Attack on Human Rights" (the *NR,* August 11). I want to thank you for it.

I have been working for the Post Office for 21 years. I have been reading the *Nation* for years; also your magazine.

If this so-called loyalty group finds out that I am reading the *Nation* and the *New Republic,* they may immediately brand me a Communist. I consider your publication a truly American publication . . . but, owing to this so-called loyalty investigation, I must ask you to stop sending it to me temporarily. If it were possible for me to cry, I'd do so since it is necessary for me to write this. Of course, as soon as possible, I'll subscribe again.

Brooklyn, N. Y. A SUBSCRIBER

[This subscriber, who is only one of several in the same predicament, has nothing to fear but fear—he is a victim of the new war of nerves. Both the Civil Service Commission and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the two agencies that probe the loyalty of federal employees, flatly deny asking questions about the reading habits of government employees. The commission states that its investigators are specifically instructed not to make the inquiry; the FBI informs us that it does not ask, and does not care, what the people under investigation read. When any individual investigator asks this question, and some still do, he is exceeding his authority and his inquiry should be ignored. Workers on the US pay roll, like other US citizens, may still read the *NR* without fear of being brought up on charges of subversion, treachery, or beating their wives.—THE EDITORS]

"Something Peculiar"

SIR: Some weeks ago I read an article in the *New Republic* ("Southern Journey," May 5) re the treatment of colored people in the Southern interstate buses. . . .

I would like to report something which occurred on June 21 on the Southwest Greyhound No. 282 leaving El Paso. . . . We had come in from Los Angeles and were required to change at El Paso. Among the passengers was a Negro GI . . . soon to be discharged after five years' service. He was well liked by all the passengers and happened to sit in a seat located about the middle of the bus.

On changing buses at El Paso, we took approximately the same seats. However, when all were seated and we believed the bus about to start, the driver went to the Negro veteran and told him a mistake had been made. *This* bus didn't make connections with the Memphis bus; he'd have to take another bus. The Negro GI got off.

I sensed something peculiar was happening and so went to the ticket agent and asked him if this bus made connections with Memphis. He said, "Yes." I then asked him why the Negro soldier had been taken off the bus. He answered, "Maybe there aren't any other Negroes on the bus." I told him there were others, and how come an American soldier was being pushed around? He said, "It's up to the driver."

I went back to the driver and, in front of the passengers, asked him. He said, "Go ask the boss," and pointed toward the bus offices. Very much irritated, he started up the motor.

It seems to me that this is a new angle: if a colored person on entering the South doesn't remember he's a second-class citizen, then the Greyhound by a devious scheme puts him in his place, which is at the rear of the bus. . . .

Los Angeles, Calif. B. CAROL NICHOLS

Student Protest

SIR: Professor Lyman R. Bradley, one of the 16 members of the executive board of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee convicted of contempt of Congress, has been suspended as chairman of the German Department of Washington Square College at New York University. A committee of students has been organized to press for the reinstatement of Professor Bradley and to protest the proceedings of the House Un-American Activities Committee as a threat to civil rights.

Persons interested in the struggle for academic freedom and who feel with the students' committee that the suspension of Professor Bradley is most unfortunate at this hour of crisis may communicate with the Students' Committee for the Defense of Professor Bradley, c/o Eric Josephson, 127 West Twelfth Street, New York City; or they may write directly to the person responsible for the suspension, Dean Thomas Pollock, Washington Square College, New York University, New York City.

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Senator Ferguson (R, Mich.) went to a hospital today shortly after announcing a three-month recess in the Senate investigation of Howard Hughes's plane contracts. Aides said he had gone to be treated for poison ivy. – *AP dispatch from Washington.*

Military Courtesy

Mr. [William P.] Webb began a military career in 1911, serving as a lieutenant in the Philippine Constabulary for five years. Because of that fact he was known as the "Colonel" by his friends. – *From the Washington, D. C.,* Evening Star.

Pax Republica

Robert Taft, Republican leader in the Senate, expects to cash in politically on sentiment among big groups of Republicans opposed to the idea of another war. – *From the* United States News.

Perfect Alibi

Mr. Puryear [member of the Hinds County, Mississippi, Democratic Executive Committee] said that nearly 500 votes were cast in his precinct, all whites. "There were no Negroes registered," he said, "so we couldn't possibly have discriminated. . . ." – *UP dispatch from Jackson, Mississippi.*

Down with Honey!

Like communism, the bee colony is purely and coldly materialistic. It is concerned only with food and shelter for the colony as a whole, to which the individual is required to contribute his part. . . . It has no semblance of spiritual values and is utterly amoral. – *Editorial from the Charlotte* Observer, *reprinted in the Albany (Georgia)* Herald.

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